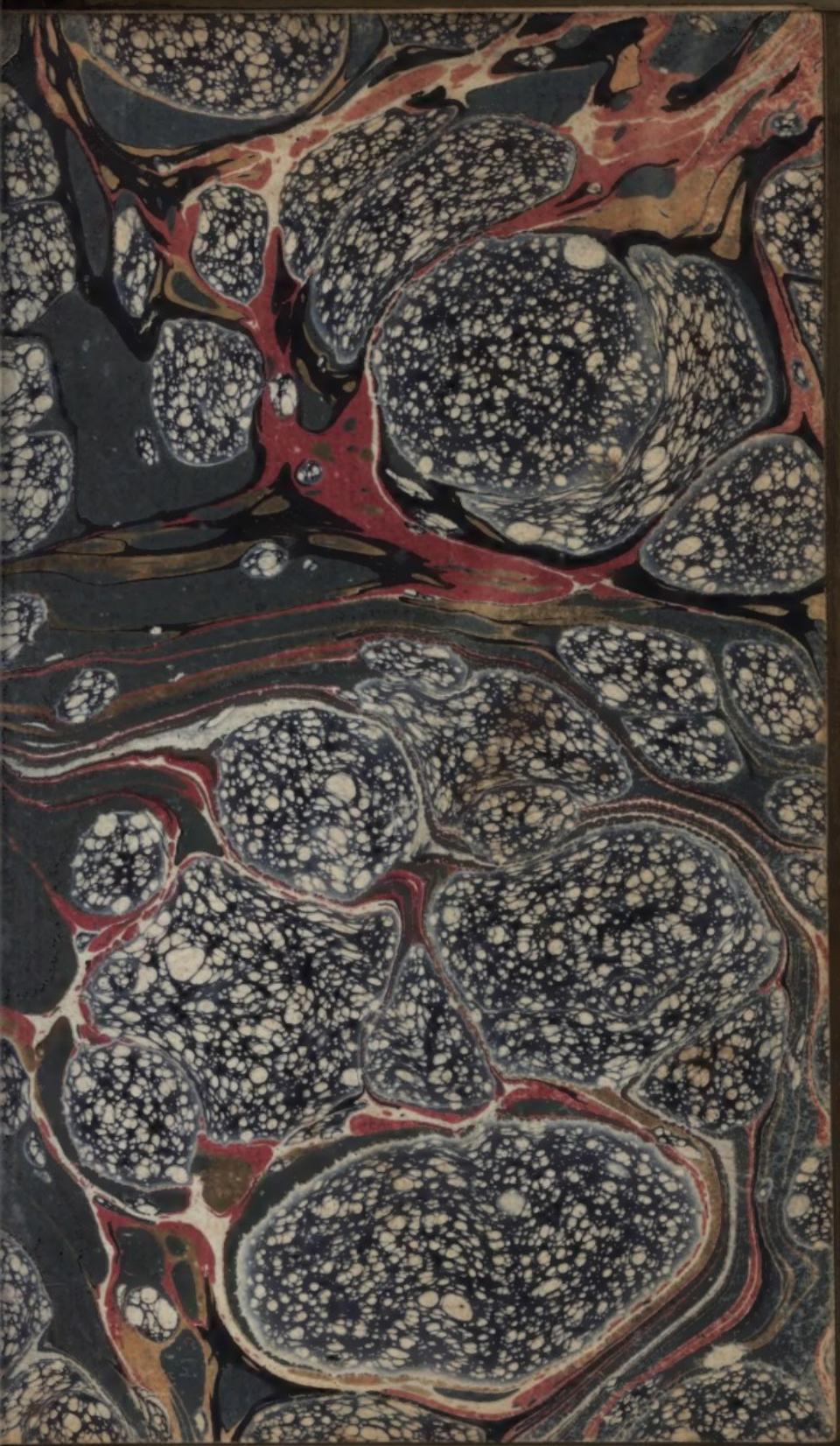
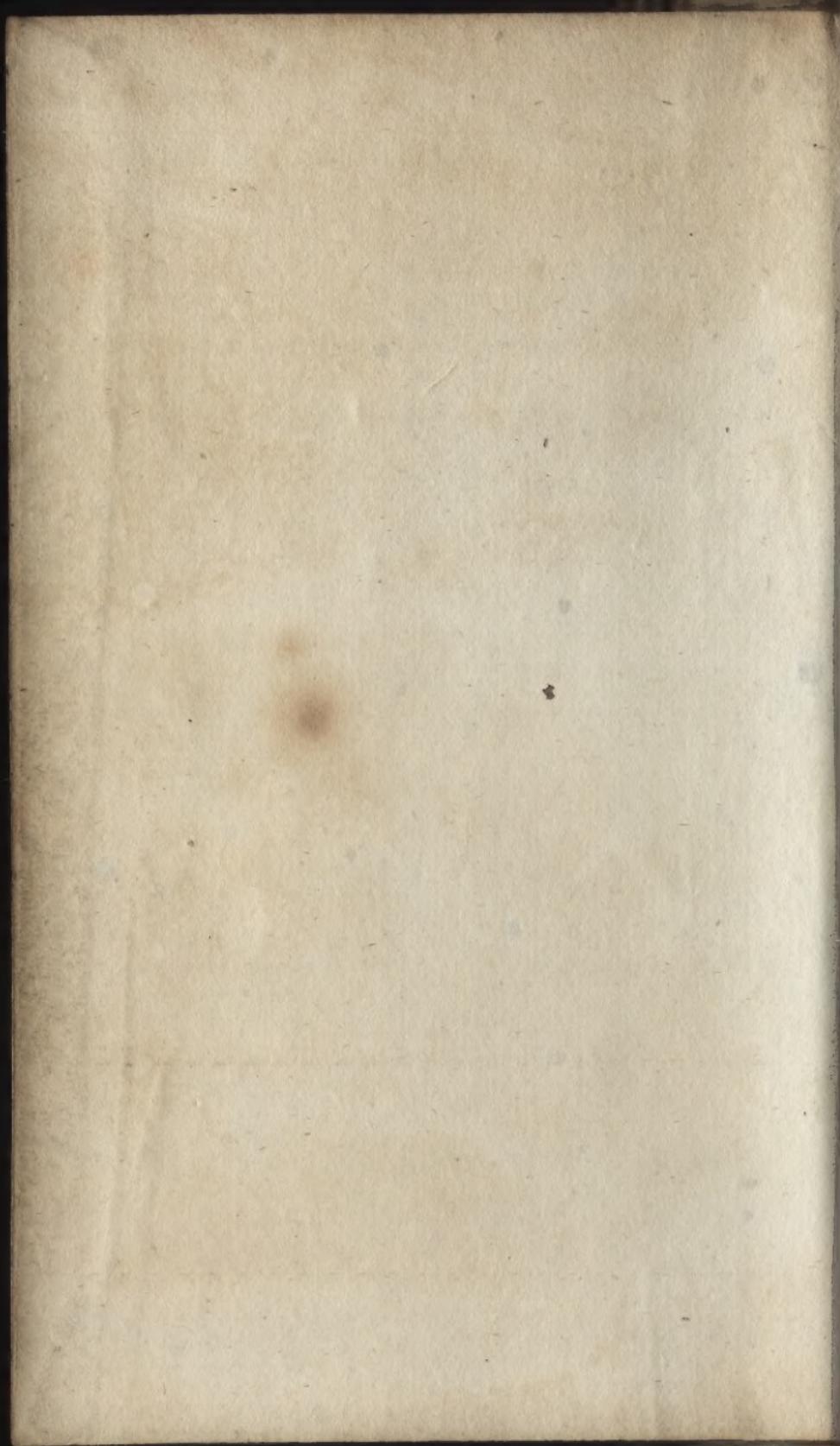
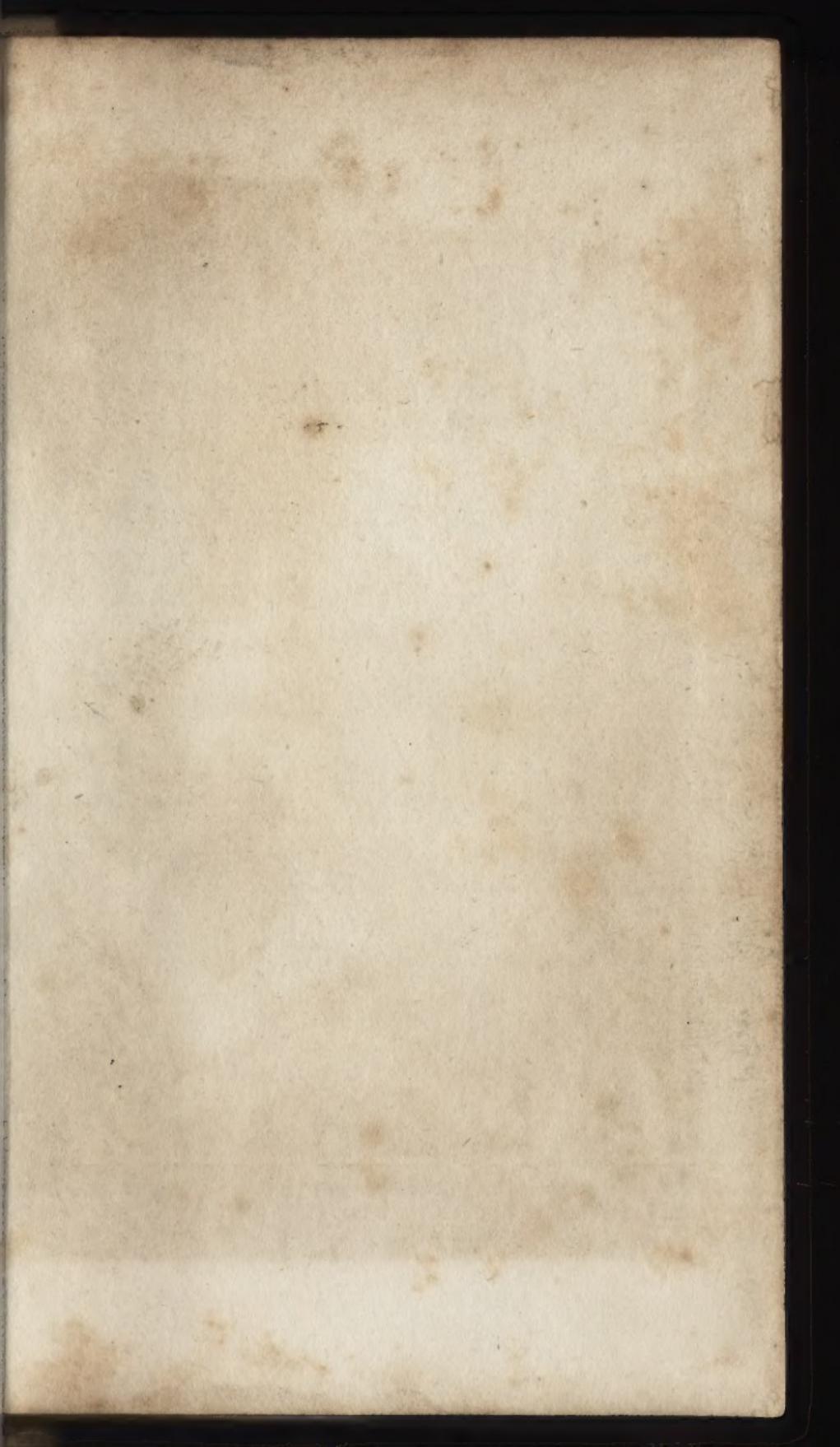


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*Ulrich Middeldorf*







FRONTISPICE.

Vol. 2.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
*HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.*

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—DISJECTA MEMBRA POETÆ. HOR.

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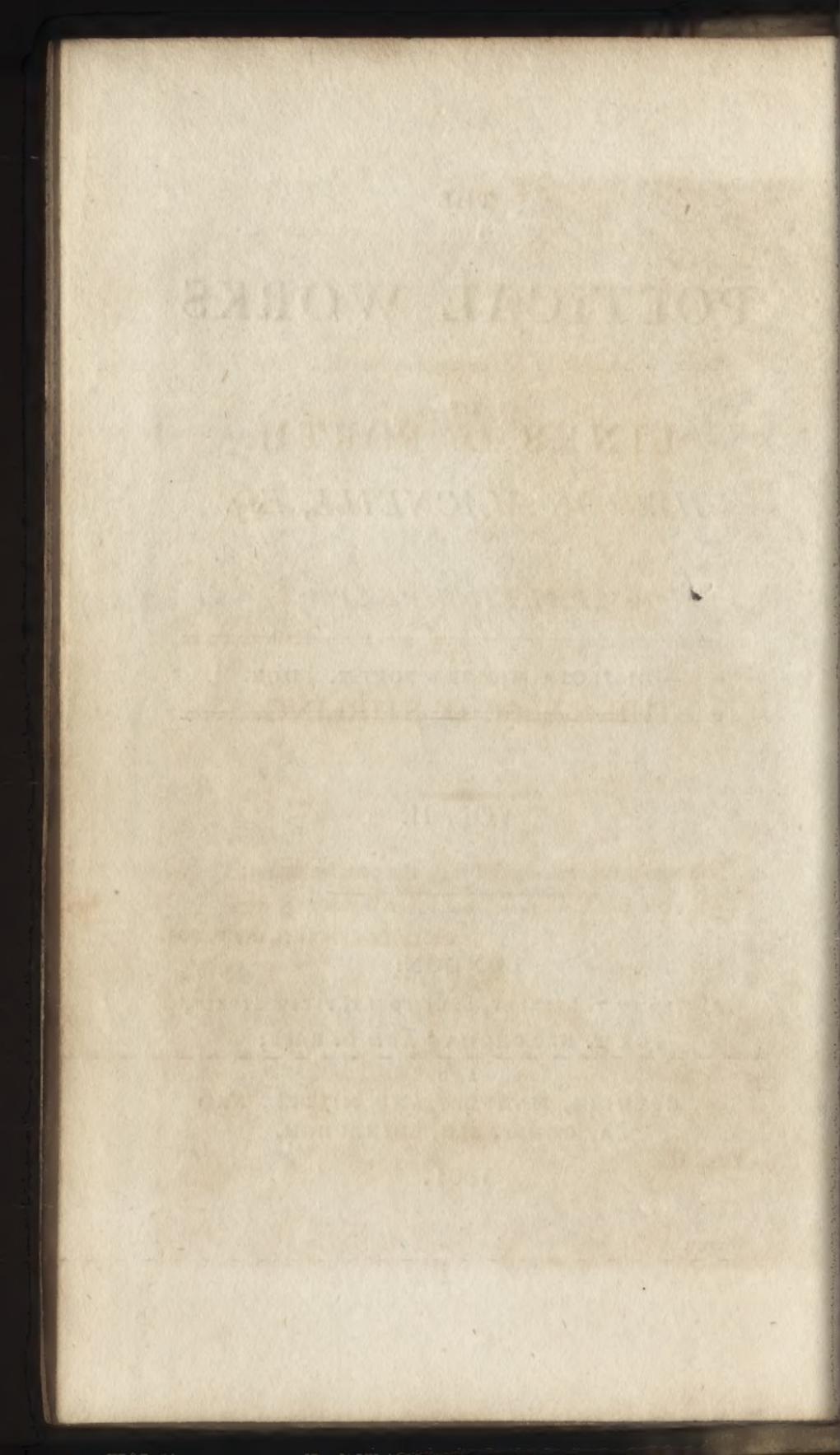
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1801.



THE  
LINKS O' FORTH:  
OR, A  
*PARTING PEEP*  
AT  
THE CARSE O' STIRLING.

---

He woo'd the muse, and sung the pensive strain;  
He lov'd meek solitude, and soften'd gloom;—

STERLING'S CAMBUSCAN, V. 304.



THE succeeding Poem was printed during the Author's absence abroad. The following Preface, explanatory of his motives for writing it, having been accidentally omitted, he now thinks it proper to subjoin it, for the information of the Reader.

‘ The following production, the Author, previously to his departure from Britain, leaves in the possession of a friend, careless of its future fate, although not insensible of its imperfections. Lest, however, it may hereafter chance to meet the public eye, it may not be improper to observe, that having, at an early period in life, written and injudiciously published a poetical performance on the same subject, which a more mature judgment taught him to condemn, he was desirous of substituting something in its stead, less exceptionable

to good taste, and more characteristic of the scenes he has attempted to delineate. Should this be considered as an awkward apology for defects, let it be remembered, that the ‘ Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling’ was executed under various disadvantages ;—that, while it was composed amidst the gloom of sickness and solitude, to mitigate distress, it received no fostering sunshine to cherish or to cheer;—that it never met the eye of criticism, nor the kindly strictures of a friend; and that while it may, without a violation of metaphor, be called the offspring of pain and of pensiveness, it was, amidst other trials, produced under the additional depression of leaving a country, to which the author has every reason to predict he never will return!

With regard to the language in which the present poem is written (and for which perhaps an apology is likewise necessary) the author can

only say, that he made choice of the Scottish dialect, not only on account of its superior poetical pathos and simplicity to any other with which he is acquainted,<sup>a</sup> but, in his opinion, as the most appropriate to the scenes described, and particularly to the historical events he has ventured to introduce. Farther, he has nothing to say. Praise, should it ever come, will in all likelihood never reach his ear; and censure, after what has already been advanced in extenuation, must recoil on the unfeeling and fastidious.'

Edinburgh,  
October 1796.

As such, to start with you have no assignments until next

rigidly b'assorti, et a distin<sup>ce</sup>re s'ass'ert qu'il 'est'

## THE COLD TRAIL

11

The following elegant Lines were sent to the Author by  
the ingenious Writer of the Hindoo Rajah and Mo-  
dern Philosophers, on reading the Links o' Forth in  
Manuscript.

Yes! I've perus'd—with new, increas'd delight  
Have reperus'd, each simply flowing line;  
Trac'd the known landscape's bursting on the sight  
With all its varied hues and haunts divine!

Still (by the muse's faithful hand pourtray'd)  
Each long lost beauty meets my raptur'd eye ;  
Youth's former visions rise in ev'ry glade,  
While tears delicious mix with memory's sigh.

Say then, my friend, can feelings warm as these  
Perform the critic's cold fastidious part ;  
Mark what perchance the pedant might displease  
When nature's nameless charms attack the heart ?

For me, I boast nor critic lore nor skill,  
Nor classic laws for measur'd numbers know ;  
Enough, to feel the bosom's raptur'd thrill,  
The tear that starts—the heart's spontaneous glow !

These ! these the muse's magic power attest !  
These ! these the poet's excellence proclaim ;  
And these, while truth and nature warm the breast,  
Shall deck FORTH's artless bard with wreaths of  
fame.

ELIZA HAMILTON.

THE  
LINKS O' FORTH.

---

AH! winding FORTH!—smooth wandering tide!  
O' Strevlin's peerless plain the pride;  
How pleas'd alang thy verdant side,  
                  Whar floweries spring,  
The muse her untaught numbers tried,  
                  And learnt to sing!

Whan ardent youth, wi' boiling blood,  
Ilk trace o' glowing passion loo'd,  
How aft aside thy silver flood,  
                  Unseen, alone,  
The bardie, rapt in pensive mood,  
                  Has pour'd the strain!

To beauteous Laura, aft and lang,  
His artless lyre he trembling strang ;—  
Close to his beating heart it hang,

While glen, and grove,  
And craig, and echoing valley, rang  
Wi' fervent love.—

Poor, fond enthusiast! whither stray?  
By wimpling burn or broomy brae?  
Wasting, I ween, the live-lang day

In am'rous rhyme ;—  
The hour will come, thou'l sigh, and say,  
What loss o' time!

Yet, wharfore shou'd nae youth engage

In pleasures suited to its age?

To catch the tids o' life is sage,

Some joys to save:

Wha kens the fights he's doom'd to wage

This side the grave!

To sport on fancy's flowery brink,

And beek a wee in love's warm blink,

Is wiser far, I'm sure, than think

O' distant harm,

Whan eild and cauld indiff'rence shrink,

Frae pleasure's charm.

Then strike, sweet muse, the trembling lyre,

Ance mair do thou the sang inspire;—

Ah! check nae yet the glowing fire,

Though health divine,

And youth, and pleasure's fond desire

Fast, fast decline!

Attune the lay! whan nature's charm

First seiz'd his bosom fluttering warm;

Ere care yet came, wi' dread alarm,

Or friendship's guile;

Or fortune, wi' uplifted arm,

And treach'rous smile.

Attune the lay that should adorn  
Ilk verse descriptive o' the morn;  
Whan round Forth's Links o' waving corn  
At peep o' dawn  
Frae broomy know to whitening thorn  
He raptur'd ran :

Or fragrant whar, at opening day,  
The whins bloom sweet on Aichil brae;  
There, whan inspir'd by lofty lay,  
He'd tak his flight;  
And towering climb, wi' spirits gay,  
Demyit's \* height.

\* One of the highest of the Ochil hills that bound the  
Carse of Stirling to the east.

O! grander far than Windsor's brow!

And sweeter too the vale below!

Whar Forth's unrivall'd windings flow

Through varied grain,

Brightening, I ween, wi' glittering glow

Strevlina's plain!

There, raptur'd trace (enthron'd on hie)

The landscape stretching on the ee

Frae Grampian heights down to the sea,

(A dazzling view!)

Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,

In varying hue.—

Owre lofty here, ilk charm to trace  
That decks, sweet plain! thy cultur'd face;  
Aft down the steep he'd tak a race,  
                Nor, rinning, flag,  
Till up he'd climb, wi' rapid pace  
                Yon ' abbey craig.'

There seated, mark, wi' ardour keen,  
The skelloch \* bright 'mang corn sae green,  
The purpled pea, and speckled bean;  
                A fragrant store!  
And vessels sailing, morn and e'en,  
                To ' Stirling shore.'

\* The wild mustard.

But aftner far, he'd, late and air,  
 To yonder castled height \* repair,  
 Whar youth's gay sports, relax'd frae care,

Cheat learning's toils,  
 And round her Doig's † classic chair  
 Fond genius smiles!

'Twas here, O Forth! for luve o' thee,  
 Frae wine, and mirth, and cards he'd flee;  
 Here too, unskill'd, sweet Poesy!

He wo'd thy art—  
 Alas! nor skill nor guide had he,  
 Save warmth o' heart!

\* The castle hill of Stirling, from which the finest view of the Carse is seen.

† Dr. David Doig, master of the grammar school, where he taught near forty years. A man, whose un-

Yet feckless as his numbers fell,  
Nae tongue his peacefu' joys can tell,  
Whan, crooning quietly by himsel,  
He fram'd the lay

On Gowland's whin-beflowered hill  
And rocky br

How richly then the landscape glow'd  
As fast the welcome numbers flow'd!  
How smooth the plying bargie\* row'd  
Frae shore to shore!  
How saft the kye in King's Park <sup>b</sup> low'd,  
At milking hour!

common erudition and genius entitled to a higher station.

### \* The abbey ferry-boat.

And ah! how sweet the murmur rang  
Frae busy labour's rural thrang!  
That sta' the upland heights amang,

And echoing spread  
Owre Castle, Butts, and Knott<sup>b</sup>, alang  
The Backwalk shade;

Dear, peacefu' scenes! how sweet to sing!  
Whan youth and luve are on the wing;  
Whan morn's fresh gales their fragrance bring,  
Wi' balmy sough,  
And e'enig paints (how green in spring!)  
The 'braes o' Tough!

But sweet, thro' a' the varying year  
Will Airthrie's banks and woods appear;  
And crouse Craigforth, and princely Keir,  
That crowns the scene;  
And Allan water, glittering near  
Its bleaching green.

And Blair, half hid in silvan shade,  
Where Taste and Home\* delighted stray'd;  
What time? whan Lare and Genius fled  
Frae bar and town,  
To Teath's clear stream, that babbling play'd  
By Castle Down.—

\* Henry Home, Lord Kames, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and author of many ingenious and learned performances.

And Shaw-park, gilt wi' e'enings ray;

And Embro' castle, distant grey; \*

Wi' Alva, screen'd near Aichil brae,

'Mang grove and bower!

And rich Clackmannan, rising gay,

Wi' woods and tower;

—These, aft he trac'd, fond nature's child !

But maist at e'enings blushing mild,

As owre the western cliffs sae wild

O' Lomond's † height

The sun in setting glory smil'd

Wi' purple light!

\* Edinburgh castle, though distant 35 miles from Stirling, is seen from the castle hill in a favourable day.

† Ben Lomond, the highest of the Grampian mountains that bound the Carse of Stirling to the north-west.

'Twas then, by gloaming's sober hour,

He'd court some solitude obscure;

Or round Cam'skenneth's\* ancient tower,

Whar winds Forth's stream,

He'd wander, meditate, and pour

This moral theme :—

' How still and solemn steals the gloom

Mild owre the garden's fading bloom !

Dim flits the bat athwart the tomb,

On leatherne wing ;—

—Hark ! what bemoan'd the slaughter'd doom

O' Scotia's king ?—

\* The abbey of Cambuskenneth, founded by David I., king of Scotland, anno 1147.

'Twas but the dove that woos his mate,  
Unmindfu' o' the monarch's fate:  
Whar, Grandeur, now thy regal state?—

Unmarkt!—and gane!

Nor sculptur'd verse records thy date,

Nor moss-grown stane!

Yet regal pomp, and courtly show,  
Aft graced yon castle's<sup>c</sup> princely brow,  
Whan Scotland's kings, wi' patriot glow,  
Delighted, woo'd

Strevlina's fertile fields below,

And winding flood!

Sublime retreat ! belov'd ! admir'd !  
Whase rural charms sae aft conspir'd  
To calm the raging breast, whan fir'd  
    'Gainst lawless power,  
And yield, mid social sweets retir'd  
    Life's happier hour !

To sheathe in peace war's slaughtering sword ;  
To drap the king at friendship's board ;  
To draw frae luve's delicious hoard  
    Her honey'd sweet !  
And chain fierce valour's lofty lord  
    At beauty's feet.

Or join the chace, at purple morn,  
Owre lawns, and heath-bloom'd mountains borne;  
Wi' hound, and hawk, and bugle horn,  
And shouting thrang;  
While Sauchie's glens, beflower'd wi' thorn,  
The notes prolong;

Or break the lance, and couch the spear  
At tilts and tournaments o' weir,  
Whar mony a valiant knight and peer  
Display'd their skill,  
To courtly beauty, blushing near,  
On Lady's hill.<sup>d</sup>

Thus, tun'd to pastime's peacefu' string,

Strevlina's craigs and valley <sup>d</sup> ring;

Blithe was the courtier and the king.

By Fortha's flood,

Till Faction soar'd on raven wing,

Bedrapt wi' blood!

'Twas then ilk sport and rural charm

Fled court, and plain, and cheerless farm!—

Rebellion loud, wi' dread alarm,

Skreigh'd wild her cry,

And murder dark, wi' dagger'd arm

Stood watching by!

O Treason!—ranc'rous, ruthless fae!  
 Sad source o' Scotland's wars and wae!  
 Not guiltless power, here chang'd to clay,\*

Could calm thy strife,

Nor ward thy boiling bloody fray

And butchering knife!

Alas! nor he †, whase youthfu' bloom \*

Lang felt oppression's tyrant doom;

Though science, mid the captive gloom,

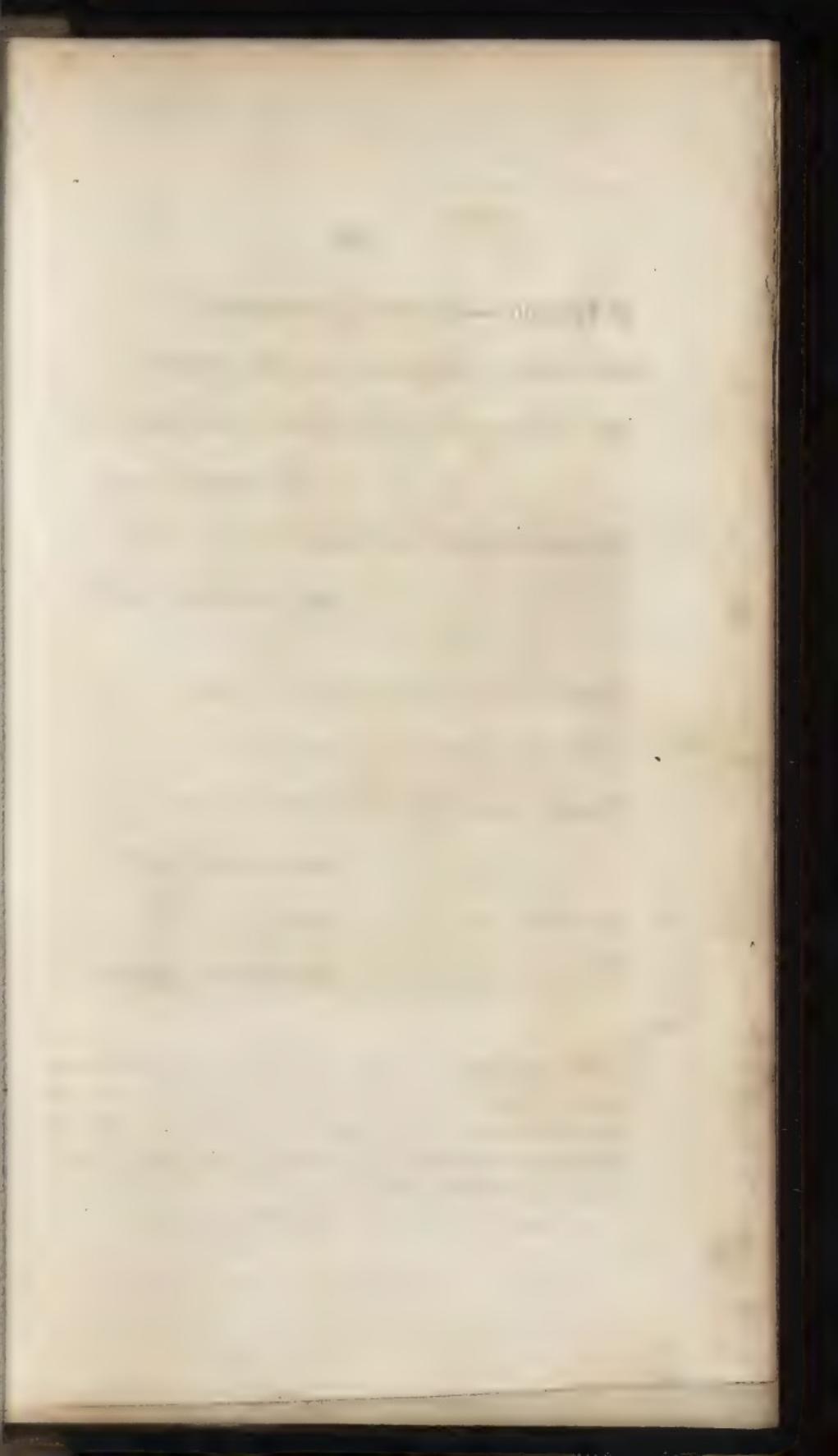
And genius bright,

And fancy, at her fairy loom

Shot radiant light!—

\* James III. murdered in the village of Bannockburn, after the battle fought with his rebellious nobles, under the command of the Duke of Rothsay, his own son. He was buried near the remains of his queen, in the abbey church of Cambuskenneth, 1488.

† James I. of Scotland. See note e.





Stothard del.

Heath sculp.

O a white wi' flaunting airs he flarco  
 And thought to shine;  
 But Nature, judging nature sneers  
 And ca'd it fine.

*Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees, 1. June, 1801.*

—Insatiate fiend! could nought allay

The rebel rage 'gainst regal sway!—

Not Flodden-Field, whase fatal day

Brought dool and care,

Whan Scotland's Flowers ware wed away,\*

To bloom nae mair.

Nor Solway's heart-break, and disgrace,†

Nor Mary's ‡ tears, nor beauteous face,

Could stop, fell fae! thy furious pace

Bestain'd wi' crime,

Till Stuart's royal, luckless race!

Fled Scotia's clime.

\* Alluding to the beautiful and pathetic ballad of the  
‘Flowers of the Forest.’

† James V. was so affected with the unfortunate and  
disgraceful affair at Solway Frith, near the river Esk, that  
he died a few days afterwards, literally of a broken heart.

‡ Mary Queen of Scotland.

—Dark gloom'd the morn, owre land and sea,  
Whan Scotia, sad, wi' tearfu' ee,  
Saw, frae her pine-wav'd cliffs on hie,  
And aiken bowers  
Her king, and independence flee  
Strevlina's towers!

Not sae the morn, that beaming shed  
A blaze round Wallace' helmed head,  
As bald in freedom's cause he led  
His patriot train,  
And dyed these blood-drench'd furrows red  
Wi' hostile slain!

Nor yet, O Bruce\*! the morn that shone  
 Bright, bright! whan (Edward's host ow'rthrown)  
 High, on yon proud hill's Standard Stone,†

Thy banners flew;

While Freedom, loud, in raptur'd tone  
 Her clarion blew!

—Enchanting morn! whase magic reign  
 Brak forging thraldom's galling chain;  
 Led Ceres, wi' her laughing train  
 And gowden store

Round Bannockburn's ensanguin'd plain,  
 And Carron's shore.

\* King Robert the Bruce.

† The stone where Bruce's standard was fixed during the memorable battle of Bannockburn. It may still be seen on an eminence near the village of St. Ninians, with a hole in the centre where the end of the standard was fixed, and thence named the '*bore stone*.'

Round 'Carun's stream,' o' classic name,  
 Whar Fingal fought, and ay ow'reame; \*  
 Whar Ossian wak'd, wi' kindling flame,

His heav'n-taught lays,

And sang his Oscar's deathless fame

At Dunipáce! \*

—Names, gratefu' to the patriot's ear!

Which Scotia's sons delight to hear! —

Names, that the brave will lang revere

Wi' valour's sigh!

—Dear to the Muse! —but doubly dear

To Liberty!

\* Vide the war of Caros, and the beautiful poem Comala.

Thus, (blind to prudence' warning light)

Aft sigh'd and sang the pensive wight!—

Reckless, alas! o' fortune's blight,

Or warldly blame

He'd muse, and dream, till dark midnight,

Then daunder hame!

Ye flowering plains and winding stream !

Ye stately towers ! whar morn's first beam

Mild glittering glints wi' gowden gleam !

Yours was the crime:

Ye first entic'd his youth to dream

In thriftless rhime !

Ye first unlock'd the secret door  
That led to nature's varied store;  
And taught him early to adore  
Her tempting smile,  
Whether on India's pictur'd shore  
Or Britain's isle.—

Ye classic fields, whar valour bled !  
Whar patriots strave, but never fled !  
Ye plains, wi' smiling plenty clad,  
A lang adieu !  
A dark'ning cloud wi' ills ow'rspread  
Obscures the view !

A warning voice, sad owre the main  
Cries, Haste ye!—haste!—break aff the strain:—  
STREVLINA's towers and peerless plain

Yell ne'er review!—

Dear haunts o' youth, and luv'e's saft pain,

*A last adieu!*

## N O T E S.

---

### NOTE <sup>a</sup>, p. 4.

‘ Any other with which he is acquainted.’

IN support of this assertion some proof perhaps may be expected; but as any dissertation on this subject might lead to an unwarrantable length, we shall extract the following very judicious remarks of an anonymous, though good critic, on some of the peculiar advantages of the Scottish language for subjects of poetry.

‘ It contains a number of vocables peculiarly expressed, and purely its own. Many of them are monosyllables, and yet they convey an extent and an energy of meaning, which most of the modern languages can but imperfectly collect, even by circumlocution. Its powers of termination, especially in diminutives and expressions of endearment, are far from being inconsiderable, and in many instances it appears to be little

inferior to that of the Italian. It possesses a considerable portion of that rustic simplicity so much admired in the Doric dialect of the Greeks, and not a little also of the smoothness of the Ionic. Like the former, it drops final consonants, substitutes one for another, and converts many of the vowels and diphthongs of English words into A and I; and, like the latter, it delights to throw out the consonants, to produce a concourse of vowels, to soften the sound, and promote the flow of those harsher terms which less easily combine in versification. It abounds in terms and phrases connected with domestic and social life; with rural scenery, sentiments and occupations, and hence is peculiarly fitted for pastoral poetry, the lighter ode, and the description of external nature. It surpasses in humourous representation, and is far from being unsuitable to the plaintive and the tender.'

NOTE <sup>b</sup>, p. 17, l. 11; and p. 18, l. 5.

‘ How saft the kye in King’s Park low’d.’

‘ Owre Castle, Butts, and Knott.’

‘ Upon the south-west of the castle lies a large park, inclosed with a stone wall, called the King’s Park, where the court used to divert themselves with hunting of the deer, which were kept in it. At the east end of the park lie the royal gardens: vestiges of the walks and parterres, with a few stumps of fruit trees, are still visible.—In the gardens is a mound of earth, in form of a table, called the king’s knott, with benches of earth round it, where, according to tradition, the court sometimes held *fêtes champêtres*. Around the gardens, too, are vestiges of a canal, upon which the royal family and court used to divert themselves in pleasure boats.’ *Nimmo’s Hist. of Stirlingshire*, p. 250, 251.

NOTE <sup>c</sup>, p. 22, l. 8.

‘ Aft grac’d yon castle’s princely brow.’

The castle of Stirling, on account of its beautiful situation and delightful prospect, was the fa-

vourite residence of our Scottish kings, particularly of the James's.—James III. was so attached to it, that he built a palace, with an elegant chapel in it.—To procure funds for the support of a dean, prebends, a numerous band of singers, musicians, and other officers, he suppressed the Priory of Coldingham, and endowed his chapel with the revenues: a circumstance which produced the rebellion that shortly after occasioned the tragical death of that mild and unfortunate monarch.—*See Henry's Hist. of Great Britain.*

NOTE <sup>d</sup>, p. 24, l. 12, and p. 25, l. 2.

‘On Lady’s hill.’

‘Strevlina’s craigs and valley ring.’

In the castle hill is a hollow called the Valley, comprehending about an acre of ground, and having all the appearance of an artificial work, which was used for tilts and tournaments, with other feats of chivalry; and closely adjoining to this valley upon the south, is a small rocky mount, rising in form of a pyramid, called the Ladies Hill, upon which the ladies of the court took

their station to behold those exercises.' *Nimmo's Hist.* p. 252.

NOTE \*, p. 26. l. 7.

' Alas! nor he, whase youthfu' bloom.'

' James I. of Scotland was one of the most accomplished and amiable princes that ever filled a throne. He was likewise one of the most unfortunate. After upwards of 18 years captivity in England, and encountering many difficulties on his return to his native kingdom, he was, in the prime of life, murdered by barbarous assassins in the Carthusian monastery of Perth. In the monument of genius, James has been almost equally unfortunate. No vestiges are now remaining of his skill in architecture, gardening, and painting, though we are well assured, by one who was well acquainted with him,\* that in all these arts he excelled. Many of the productions of his pen have also perished; for he tells us himself† that

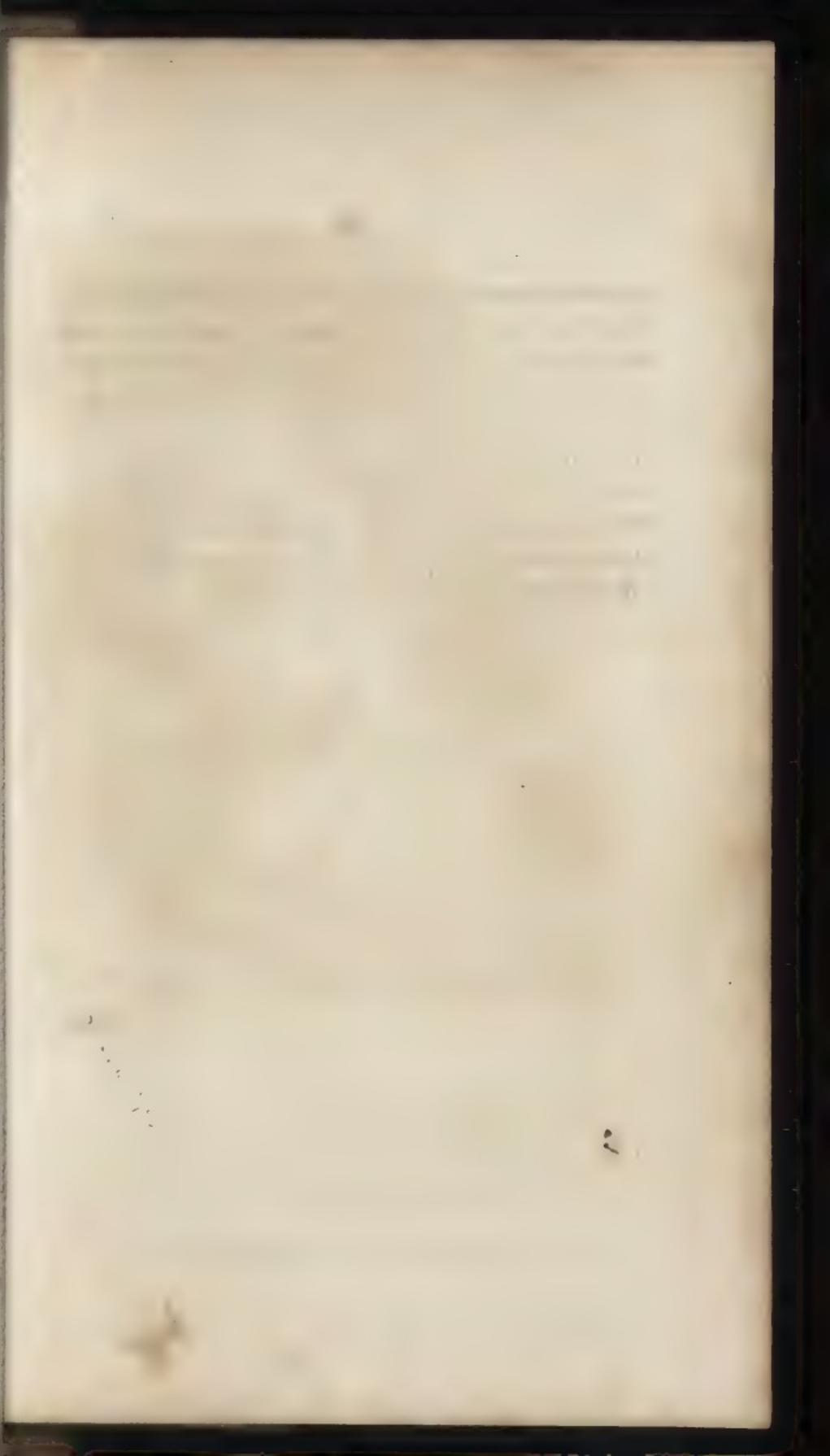
\* *Scotichron.* lib. 16. cap. 30.

† *King's Quair,* cant. 1. stan. 13.

he wrote much; and we know of only three of his poems that are now extant, viz. Christ's Kirk on the Green, Peebles to the Play, and the King's Quair, which was lately discovered by Mr. Warton, and since published by William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq.' *Henry's Hist.*—‘ He was,’ continues Henry, ‘ not only the most learned king, but one of the most learned men of the age in which he flourished; and seems to have been born to excel in every art to which he applied his mind.’ Independently of his other singular accomplishments, James particularly excelled in music, not only as a performer, but as a composer: and it is to his admirable genius, that the musical world is so much indebted for the invention (amidst the gloom of solitude and confinement) of that sweet and plaintive Scotch and Italian\* melody, which, as the above mentioned author, justly remarks, ‘ has given pleasure to millions in every succeeding age.’

\* *Alexandro Tassoni* mentions James King of Scotland, having, of himself, invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others, in which

he was imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, prince of Venosa, who in our age (says Parsoni) has improved music with new and admirable inventions. As the Prince of Venosa imitated king James, the other musicians of Italy imitated the prince of Venosa. ‘ The most noble Carlo Gesualdo, the prince of musicians in our age (says Sir John Hawkins, vol. iii. p. 212) introduced such a style of modulation, that other musicians yield the preference to him; and all singers and players on stringed instruments, laying aside that of others, every where embraced his.’



COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

Page 41. Vol 2



Stothard del.

Neagle sculp.

'Come under my plaidy, & sit down beside me;  
There's room int, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.'

Publish'd as the Act directs by Longman & Rees, 1. June, 1807.

## COME UNDER MY PLAIDY;

OR,

## MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

---

AIR.—JOHNIE MACGILL.

' COME under my plaidy, the night's gau'n to fa' ;  
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw ;  
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me ;  
There's room in't, dear lassie ! believe me, for twa.  
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,  
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw :  
O ! come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,  
There's room in't, dear lassie ! believe me, for twa.'

‘ Gae ‘wa wi’ your plaidy ! auld Donald, gae ‘wa,  
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw ;  
Gae ‘wa wi’ your plaidy ! I’ll no sit beside ye ;  
Ye may be my gutcher :—auld Donald, gae wa’,  
I’m gau’n to meet Johnie, he’s young and he’s bonie;  
He’s been at Meg’s bridal, sae trig and sae braw !  
O nane dances sae lightly ! sae gracefu’ ! sae tightly !  
His cheek’s like the new rose, his brow’s like the snaw !

‘ Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa’,  
Your Jock’s but a gowk, and has naithing ava ;  
The hale o’ his pack he has now on his back,  
He’s thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
Be frank now and kindly ; I’ll busk you aye finely ;  
To kirk or to market they’ll few gang sae braw ;

A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca.'

\* My father's ay tauld me, my mither and a',  
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;  
It's true I loo Johnie, he's gude and he's bonie,  
But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!  
I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;  
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
Sae gi' me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,  
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.'

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',  
Whar Johnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';  
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!  
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;  
The howlet was screamin', while Johnie cried ' women  
Wa'd marry auld Nick if he'd keep them ay bra'.—

O the deel's in the lasses! they gang now sae bra,  
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;  
Plain luve is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

## To C. L. Esq.

WITH A PRESENT OF A LARGE BOTTLE OF  
OLD JAMAICA RUM.

DEAR honest hearted, canty CHARLIE!  
To whom I'd trust baith late and earlie;  
Accept, in token o' regard,  
Frae nervous Mac, your friend and bard,  
A gift to raise on Sunday's even  
Your mind frae earthly thoughts to heaven;  
Or what's far mair, to keep frae quaking  
Thy graceless saul for Sunday-breaking,  
As reckless ay o' prayer or kirk  
Ye ply your sinfu' wark till mirk,  
Grunting owre deeds o' black rascality  
IN SESSION COURTS and ADMIRALITY;

Till tir'd o' horning and memorial,  
Ye turn frae tricks to things corporeal;  
For lang law draughts, take ane that's shorter,  
(I mean a draught o' Skae's good porter;)  
For desperate debts and pleas unlucky,  
Sit down and carve your roasted chucky,  
And helping round ilk friend and cousin  
That mak, at least, a round half dozen,  
Wi' crack—and joke—and steeve rum toddy,  
Lord! but ye turn a dainty body!

Now Charles, without a Sunday's blessing,  
Wi' a' your want o' Sunday's dressing;  
Wi' hair unkaim'd, and beard unshorn,  
And slip-shod bachles, auld, and torn;

Coat, that nae decent man wad put on,  
And waistcoat aft without a button,  
And breeks (let *sans culottes* defend them)  
I hope in God, ye'll change, or—mend them.  
I say, wi' a' these black transgressions,  
(The fruits o' your curst courts and sessions)  
There's yet sic sparks o' grace about you;  
Sic radiant truth that shines throughout you;  
Sic friendship firm;—sic qualms o' honour  
Whan sneaking rascals mak you sconner,  
That ('pon my faith! I canna help it,  
Though for't ilk time I should be skelpit)  
I find a secret, inward greeting  
O' peace at ilka Sunday meeting;  
And feel—ye hash, wi' a' your duds on,  
For you attractions like a loadstone;

That warm the heart wi' glows diviner  
Than e'er I find for chiels that's finer.

Come, Charlie, then, my friend and brither!  
Whan niest we a' convene thegither  
To crack and joke in converse happy,  
I'faith! we'se hae a hearty drappy;  
And though I dinna like to buckle  
Wi' hours owre late, or drink owre muckle,  
Nor think it a' thegither right  
To keep folk up on Sunday night,  
I am resolv'd, be't right or sinfu,'  
To hae at least—‘a decent skinfu’;  
Wi' heart and hand keep friendship waking  
And trust to heaven for *Sunday-breaking*.

And sure, if bounteous heaven tak pleasure  
 In harmless mirth, and social leisure,  
 And grant us ay the power to borrow  
 Some thoughtless hours to banish sorrow,  
 To crack, and laugh, and drink, nae sin is  
 Wi' modest worth and Jamie I—s;  
 After a Sunday's feast—or pascal  
 Wi' you, ye kirkless canty rascal.

Mind then, whan honest trusty *Peter*\*

(Aboon a' praise in prose or metre)

Removes ilk dish, whar late, fu' dainty,  
 Stood roasted hen, and collops plenty;

\* An old man-servant.

And roddickins, and penches too,  
And mussels pickled nice wi' broo;  
And haddies caller at last carting,  
Or rizzer'd sweet by Mrs. Martin !  
—Wi' kipper (brander'd het and broun)  
A present sent frae Stirling town.  
I say, whan Pate wi' solemn face,  
Removes ilk thing wi' steddy pace,  
And brings the reeking burn and bowl  
To cheer ilk presbyterian soul; \*  
Whan ance that ye, a' fidging fain  
Draw the first cork wi' mony a grane,  
And sometimes girning, sometimes blawin,  
Examine gin its rightly drawn.

\* The Sunday supper was called the presbyterian supper.

Whan three times round the port wine passes  
And ilka friend has drank three glasses;  
Nae langer grane, nor fyke, nor daidle,  
But brandish ye the—*langshank'd ladle*,  
That magic wand that has the knack ay  
To mak us a' sae pleas'd and cracky;  
That Moses' rod that weets ilk mouthie  
And maks streams gush for hearts that's drowthie,  
And has the double power, sae curious!  
To mak some chielis baith pleas'd and furious.

Now, as I've heard some hair-brain'd hempy  
Growl whan your *chappin* bottle's empty,\*  
And roar, and swear, wi' aiths that's sinfu'

\* The usual modicum.

For what's ay ca'd—‘ anither *spoonfu'* ;  
To satisfy sic maws rapacious,  
I herewi' send, o' size capacious  
A *bottle*, prim'd, my dainty callan,  
Wi' somewhat mair than half a gallon  
O' precious gear, I've lang been huntin,  
Till caught at last frae WATTIE BR——N.  
*Fill then!*—and *drink!*—and banish dread  
O' after sair wame, or sair head;  
There's naithing here, our harns to daver,  
But rare auld stuff to mak us claver;  
For here I swear in rhyming letter,  
**D—n me!** if e'er ye tasted better!

TO  
THE MEMBERS  
OF  
THE SOBER SOCIETY;

SENT TO THE SAME WITH AN  
ENGRAVING.\*

DEAR sober emptyers o' the glass!

Behold your *goddess*—wife, or lass,

De'il hae me gin I ken;

But weel I wat gin a' be true

That here she speaks, ye *select few*

Are unco kind o' men!

\* This engraving had been at some period thrown off for the use of a *Literary Society* in London, likewise called the SOBER SOCIETY. The representation

To me (as frankly in a crack  
 The ither night the jillet spak  
 Right cheery owre a glass.)

Though hid frae unpoetic brain,  
 These hieroglyphics speak as plain  
 As e'er did Balaam's ass.

Ilk sober brither sure has seen  
 The moon and *seven* stars at e'en  
 Glittering in spangled heaven;  
 What mean then *sax*?—the meaning's clear.—  
 Through a' your meetings in the year  
 Ye're fou *sax* times in seven.

was a female figure with the finger of one hand pointing to the moon (horned) and six stars overhead; and the finger of the other hand pointing to the ground with this motto—**VIRTUS TANDEM VIGEBAT.**

Yet mair—by yonder *horned moon*,

Its clear ye're a' hornmad as soon

As clocks *Beate* fix; \*

How sweet the sounding warning comes!

And sitting down on stubborn bums

Ye a' turn—lunatics.

Then! then, 'tis said, in canty croon,

A writer chiel ca'd L——n

Wi' crack and snuff grows cheery;

And dealing round strong punch and joke,

Good-humour'd mad near twa o'clock

Turns a' things tapsilteery!

\* One of the rules of the Sober Club was, that the bill should be called and paid at eleven o'clock; after which hour every one might do as he inclined; *i. e.* retire or remain as long as he chose; and as this last liberty was generally productive of *sober happiness*, it was called the BEATE.

Here wad I stap, nor langer keek  
 Into thae *soberings* ilka week,  
                  And hide what I'm no able;  
 But yon d——'d *fingers*—up and down,  
 Proclaim whan some are in the moon,  
                  Some lie aneth the table.

In these bless'd French perverted days,\*  
 Whan virtue's blam'd, and vice gets praise,  
                  And folk wi' *words* are sae bit,  
 Nae wonder *sober* stands for *fou*,  
 And drinkers roar out while they spew,

‘VIRTUS TANDEM VIGEBAT.’

\* These lines were written during the commencement of Robespierre's reign of *justice*, *virtue*, and *humanity*.

## TAK TENT AND BE WARY.

---

' HECH! lass, but ye're canty and yogie!

Wow! but your e'en look pauky and rogue!

What war ye doing, Kate, down in yon bogie,

Up in this morning sae airy and grey?'

' I've been wi' *some body*!—what need ye to speer?

I've been wi' young Jamie!—I've been wi' my dear!

—God save me! my mither will miss me, I fear!—

D'ye ken, lass! he's courting me a' the lang day!'

' O Kate, tak tent and be wary!

Jamie's a sad ane—he never will marry;

Think o' poor Tibby;—he's left her to carry

Black burning shame till the day that she'll die!'

‘ I carena for Tibby—a glaiket young quean !

Her gaits wi’ the fallows we a’ ken lang synel—

The heart o’ my laddie I *never* can tyne !

He promis’d to marry me down on yon lea !

O no ! I need na be wary !—

Yes ! yes ! he means for to marry !

Wi’ mony sweet kisses he ca’d me his deary,

And swore he wad tak me afore Beltan day.’

‘ O Kate ! Kate ! he’ll deceive ye !

(The de’il tak the chiel ! he does naithing but grieve me !)

He’s fou o’ deceit !—gin ye like to believe me,

The fause loon last night tald the same tale to me.’

Dear Jean! but ye're unco camstary!

Ye'll ne'er let a bodie trou ever they'll marry!—

Ye've now ge'en me something that's no light to carry,

Twill lie at my heart till the day that I die!

She gaed awa sighing! she gaed awa wae;

Her mither flet sair for her byding away!

She sat down to spin!—ne'er a word could she say,

But drew out a thread wi' the tear in her ee.

O yes!—it's time to be wary!

Jamie's a sad ane!—he ne'er means to marry!—

Ie may rise in the morning, and wait till he's wearie!

He's no see my face for this year and a day!

She raise wi' the lavroc; she milked her cow;

Sat down by her leglin and 'gan for to rue:—

Young *Jamie* cam by—her heart lap to her mou!

And she trou'd ilka word that the fause loon did say!

—Hech! sirs! how lasses will vary!

Sometimes they're doubtfu'—'tis then they are *wary*;

But whan luve comes louping, they ay think we'll marry,

And trust, like poor Kate, to what fause loons will say.

## O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

---

AIR.—BONNY DUNDEE.

Oh! tell me, bonie young lassie!

Oh tell me how for to woo!

Oh tell me, bonie sweet lassie!

Oh tell me how for to woo!

Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?

Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?

Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?—

Oh! tell me how for to woo!

Far hae I wander'd to see the dear lassie!

Far hae I ventur'd across the saut sea!

Far hae I ventur'd owre moorland and mountain,  
Houseless, and weary, sleep'd cauld on the lea!  
Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luve to onie;  
For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I loo'd you;  
Now we're alone in the green-wood sae bonie!  
—Oh! tell me how for to woo!

‘ What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie !  
What care I for your crossing the sea !  
It was na for naithing ye left poor young Peggy ;—  
It was for my tocher ye cam to court me ;—  
Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gawdie ?  
Ribbons, and perlins, and breast-knots enew ?  
A house that is canty, wi' walth in't, my laddie ?  
Without this ye never need try for to woo.’

‘ I hae na gowd to busk ye aye gawdie !  
I canna buy ribbans and perlins enew !  
I’ve naithing to brag o’, house, or o’ plenty !  
I’ve little to gie but a heart that is true.—  
I cam na for tocher—I ne’er heard o’ onie ;  
I never loo’d Peggy nor e’er brak my vow.—  
I’ve wander’d, poor fool ! for a face fause as bonie !  
—I little thought this was the way for to woo !

‘ Hae na ye roos’d my cheeks like the morning !  
Hae na ye roos’d my cherry-red mou !  
Hae na ye come owre sea, moor, and mountain,  
What mair, Johnie, need ye to woo ?  
Far hae ye wander’d, I ken, my dear laddie !  
Now that ye’ve found me, there’s na cause to rue ;

Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll ne'er gang gawdie.  
I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.'

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom ;  
The saft tear o' transport fill'd ilk lover's ee ;  
The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,  
And sweet sang the maivis aboon on the tree.—  
He clasp'd her, he press'd her, and ca'd her hishinny,  
And aften he tasted her hinny-sweet mou ;  
And aye 'tween ilk smack she sigh'd to her Johnie—  
‘ Oh ! laddie!—*weel* can ye woo !’

I LOO'D NE'ER A LADDIE  
BUT ANE.

---

AIR,

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

I Loo'd ne'er a laddie but ane,  
He loo'd ne'er a lassie but me;  
He's willing to mak me his ain,  
And his ain I am willing to be.

He has coft me a rocklay o' blue  
And a pair o' mittens o' green;  
The price was a kiss o' my mou,  
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
Their land, and their lordlie degree;  
I carena for ought but my dear,  
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me :  
His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!  
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!  
I listen—poor fool! and I greet,  
Yet O! how sweet are the tears as they ffa'!

‘ Dear lassie,’ he cries wi’ a jeer,  
‘ Ne’er heed what the auld anes will say;  
Though we’ve little to brag o’—ne’er fear,  
What’s gowd to a heart that is wae?  
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
Yet see how he’s dwining wi’ care;

Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,  
Are cantie and leil evermair.

O Marion! the heart that is true  
Has something mair costly than gear,  
Ilk e'en it has naithing to rue;  
Ilk morn it has naithing to fear.  
  
Ye warldings! gae, hoard up your store,  
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne:  
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
While here in my arms I lock mine!

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—  
Waes me! can I tak it amiss?  
My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,  
He's free ay to daut and to kiss!

Ye lassies wha loo to torment  
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,  
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

## TO GET A MAN.



THIS warld is a lottery, as ilk ane may ken ;  
There are prizes for women as weel as for men :  
But as far as my faither and mither can see,  
Though the're prizes for some, there are aye blanks  
    for me !

Though black, I am comely ; my een's like a slae !  
Odd ! I'm sure they're far better than een that are grey ?  
Yet the lads they court Katey as fast as they can,  
While my father aye tells me—*I'll ne'er get a man.*

I'm held down wi' wark frae morning till e'en,  
My claise ay unsnod, and my face seldom clean!  
How the sorrow! on me can our lads ever look  
Whan I gang aye sae thief-like, as black as the crook!

For fairs and for preachings I hae but ae gown!  
(Lord! I wish I was busk'd like our queans in the town!)  
Yet whane'er I stay late—how my father he'll ban,  
Wi' a—‘ Devil confound ye! ye'll ne'er get a man!’

My mither aye thinks I'm to sit still and spin:  
Whan the sogers gae by, war I fell'd, I maun rin,  
Then she roars, and she flytes (though the sam's done  
by Kate)

Wi' a—‘ Sorrow be on ye! ye'll gang a grey gate!’

I fain wad hae Jamie—but then he loos Jean ;  
And I'd e'en tak lean Patie, tho' just skin and bane;  
But my faither and mither tauld baith him and Dan  
That I'm *three* years owre young yet to hae a gudeman !

A usage sae barb'rous ! nae mortal can bear !  
—Odd ! they'll drive me to madness wi' perfect despair !  
If I canna get Jamie, nor yet Dan nor Pate,  
Faith I'll e'en tak the first chiel that comes in my gate.

Gle'yd Sawnie, the haivrel, he met me yestreen,  
He roos'd first my black hair, and syne my black een !  
While he dawted and kiss'd, though I ken he's a fool,  
Lord ! I thought that my heart wad hae loupt out o'  
hool !

Quo he, ' Bonny Maggy, gin ye war mine ain,  
I hae house and plenty, for wife and for wean,  
And whan my auld daddy staps aff to the grave  
Faith! we'll then had our head up as high as the lave.'

I dinna like Sawnie—he's blind o' an ee;  
But then he's the first's talk'd o' *marriage* to me;  
And whan folk are ill us'd they maun do what they can,  
Sae I'll mak them a' liars, and tak a **GUDEMAN**.

MALLY AIKEN,  
AN OLD SONG REVIVED.

---

AIR,—GAELIC.

‘ O LISTEN! listen and I’ll tell ye\*  
 How this fair maid’s play’d her part:—  
 First she vow’d and promis’d to me,  
 Now she strives to break my heart!’

Eirin O! Mally Aiken,  
 Eirin O s’duh ma rūn.

I coft you silken garters, Mally,  
 And sleeve-knots for your tartan gown;

\* This verse is all the author ever heard of the original.—The meaning of the Gaelic chorus is, O Mally Aiken, thou art my love.

I coft you a green necklace, Mally,  
 To busk you whan you gade to town:  
 You gae me kisses sweet as hinny!  
 You gae me words mair sweet than true;  
 You swore you loo'd me best o' ony;  
 —Ah! why than Mally break your vow!  
 Eirin O! Mally Aiken,  
 Eirin O s'dhu ma rūn.

Yon auld man came wi' wyles sae bonie,  
 He bragg'd o' land and walth o' gear;  
 He promis'd braws mair fine than Johnie  
 To busk ye for the kirk and fair;  
 He gae up tocher to your daddy;—  
 Your mither sigh'd and thought o' me;

But Mally wish'd to be a *lady*,  
And chang'd true luve for—high degree!

Eirin O! Mally Aiken,  
Eirin O s'dhu ma rūn.

He's ta'en you hame; he's made you gawie,  
He's busk'd you for the kirk and fair;  
But you had better ta'en your laddie,  
For *happiness* you'll ne'er see mair!  
  
You may gang to kirk and fair, my Mally;  
Your face and baws catch ilka ee,—  
But happiness you'll *ne'er* see, Mally,  
For breaking o' your vows to me!

Eirin O! Mally Aiken,  
Eirin O s'dhu ma rūn.

## LASSIE WI' THE GOWDEN HAIR.

---

AIR,—GAELIC.

'LASSIE wi' the gowden hair,  
Silken snood, and face sae fair;  
Lassie wi' the yellow hair,  
    Think nae to deceive me !

Lassie wi' the gowden hair,  
Flattering smile, and face sae fair;  
Fare ye weel! for never mair  
    Johnie will believe ye!

O no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn,\*  
O no! Mary bawn, ye'll nae mair deceive me!

\* Bawn, (Gaelic) fair, white, generally applied to the hair.

Smiling, twice ye made me troo,  
Twice—(poor fool!) I turn'd to woo;  
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,  
Now I've sworn to leave ye!

Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,  
Twice, poor fool! I've learn'd to rue!—  
Come ye yet to mak me troo?

*Thrice* ye'll ne'er deceive me!  
No! no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn!  
O no! Mary bawn! *thrice* ye'll ne'er deceive me.'

Mary saw him turn to part;  
Deep his words sank in her heart;—  
Soon the tears began to start—  
‘ Johnie, will ye leave me !’

Soon the tears began to start,  
Grit and gritter grew his heart!—  
‘ Yet ae word before we part,  
*Luve cou'd ne'er deceive ye!*  
O no! Johnie dow, Johnie dow, Johnie dow,\*  
O no! Johnie dow—luve cou'd *ne'er* deceive ye.’

Johnie took a parting keek,  
Saw the tears hap owre her cheek !  
Pale she stood, but coudna speak!—  
Mary's cur'd o' smiling.  
Johnie took anither keek—  
‘ Beauty's rose has left her cheek!—

\* Dow, (Gaelic) black, generally applied to the hair.

Pale she stands, and canna speak.

This is nae *beguiling*.

O no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, dear Mary bawn,  
No, no! Mary bawn—LUVE has nae beguiling.

O JOHNIE! CAN YOU PITY  
ONY.

---

AIR,

KATEY, WILL YE MARRY PATIE.\*

O JOHNIE! can ye pity ony?  
Is your heart yet turn'd to stane?  
Can ye calmly hear that MENIE  
Ne'er will see your face again?  
Here I've wander'd wae and weary;  
Here I've fought wi' wind and rain;

\* This is an attempt to shew that many of our Scottish airs hitherto accounted *lively*, are (if sung slow and accompanied with appropriate words) likewise favourable for the tender or the pathetic.

Here I've sworn your ance loo'd deary  
Ne'er will see your face again.

Owre lang hae I pin'd in sorrow!  
Owre lang hae I sigh'd in vain;  
Hearts, tho' leil, can sometimes borrow  
*Pride* whan treated wi' disdain!  
Then tak your smiles and fause deceiving,  
Gie them to a heart mair true!  
—Mine, alas! is chang'd wi' grieving!  
Torn by faithless luve and you.

Yet ae word before our parting,  
(Since for ever mair we part)  
In the midst o' pleasure—starting,  
*Menie's* wrangs will wring your heart!—

For Johnie gin ye pity ony,  
Gin your heart's no turn'd to stane,  
Ye maun rue the cause that Menie  
Ne'er will see your face again.



THE LAMMIE.

Page 83. Vol. 2.



Storckard del.

Fittler sculp.

I've been by burn and flowry brae,  
Meadow green, and mountain grey,  
Courting o' this young thing, just come fra' her mammy.

Publish'd as the 1st direct by Longman & Rees, 1, June 1801.

THE LAMMIE.

---

AIR,—NAME UNKNOWN.

- ‘ Whar hae ye been a’ day, my boy Tammy?  
Whar hae ye been a’ day, my boy Tammy?’
- ‘ I’ve been by burn and flowery brae,  
Meadow green, and mountain grey,  
Courting o’ this young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.’
- ‘ And whar gat ye that young thing,  
My boy Tammy?’
- ‘ I gat her down in yonder how,  
Smiling on a broomy know,  
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe  
For her poor mammy.’

‘ What said ye to the bonie bairn,  
My boy Tammy ?’  
‘ I prais’d her een, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;—  
I pree’d it aft as ye may true!—  
She said, she’d tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,  
‘ My young, my smiling Lammie !  
I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
I’ve walth o’ plenishen and geer ;  
Ye’se get it a’ war’t ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy.’

The smile gade aff her bonie face—

‘ I maun nae leave my mammy ;

She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise,

She’s been my comfort a’ my days :—

My father’s death brought mony waes—

I canna leave my mammy.’

‘ We’ll tak her hame and mak her fain,

My ain kind-hearted Lammie !

We’ll gie her meat, we’ll gie her claise,

We’ll be her comfort a’ her days.’

The wee thing gie’s her hand and says,—

‘ There ! gang and ask my mammy.’

‘ Has she been to kirk wi’ thee,  
My boy Tammy?’  
‘ She has been to kirk wi’ me,  
And the tear was in her ee,—  
But O! she’s but a young thing  
Just come frae her mammy.’

## JEANIE'S BLACK EE;

OR,

THA MI 'N AM CHODAL, 'SNA DUISGIBH MI.

AIR,

CAULD FROSTY MORNING.

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning!

Light sprang the levroc and mounted sae hie;

When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewy morning

My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.

To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens,

Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black ee;

Then lying down dowylie, sigh'd by the willow tree,

‘ Ha me mohátel na dousku me.’\*

\* I am asleep, do not waken me.—The gaelic chorus is pronounced according to the present orthography.

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,

Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree !

‘ Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,’—

‘ Ha me mohátel na dousku me.’

‘ Wi’luve’s warm sensations I’ve mark’d your impatience,

Lang hid ’mang the brakens I watch’d your black ee.—

You’re no sleeping, pawkie Jean! open thae lovely een !’

‘ Ha me mohátel na dousku me.’

‘ Bright is the whin’s bloom ilk green know adorning!

Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi’ dew !

Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning !

Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow !

O! light! light she’s dancing keen on the smooth  
gowany green,

Barefit and kilted half up to the knee !

While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,'—

‘ I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me! ’

‘ I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping sound;

Kiss her frae lug to lug; nae ane can see!

Sweet! sweet's her hinny mou!'—‘ Will, I'm no sleep-  
ing now,

I was asleep, but ye waken'd me.’

Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,

Kiss'd her ripe roses and blest her black ee!

And ay since whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound is  
sweet,

‘ Ha me mohátel na dousku me.’

THE

## PLAID AMANG THE HETHER.

---

AIR,

OLD HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE wind blew hie owre muir and lea,  
And dark and stormy grew the weather;  
The rain rain'd sair; nae shelter near  
But my luve's plaid amang the hether:

O my bonie highland lad!

My winsome, weelfar'd, highland laddie!

Wha wad mind the wind and rain

Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?

Close to his breast he held me fast;—

Sae cozy, warm, we lay thegither! —

Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet

As my luve's plaid amang the hether!

O my bonny, &c.

Mid wind and rain he tald his tale;

My lightsome heart grew like a feather;

It lap sae quick I coudna speak,

But silent sigh'd amang the hether!

O my bonny, &c.

The storm blew past; we kiss'd in haste;

I hameward ran and tald my mither;

She gloom'd at first, but soon confess'd  
The bowls row'd right amang the hether!

O my bonny, &c.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream  
Whar Will and I fresh flowers will gather;  
Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear  
Kind hearted lad amang the hether!

O my bonie highland lad!

My winsome, weelfar'd, highland laddie!  
Should storms appear, my Will's ay near  
To row me in his tartan plaidie.

ON  
THE DEATH  
OF  
DAVID DOIG, LL.D.

MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,  
STIRLING.

He's gane!—he's gane!—ah! welladay!  
The spirit's flown that warm'd the clay!  
The light has fled that cheer'd the way  
Through *lear's* mirk page;  
Fir'd the young breast wi' *fancy's* ray,  
And charm'd the sage!

The sun has set that beam'd sae bright!  
Nae radiance shines on STREVLIN's height!

Nae star glints now wi' saften'd light  
 On fancy's bower!

But dark and silent is the night  
 In Doig's tower! \*

In Doig's tower, whar aft and lang  
 The mingling notes o' learning rang;  
 And aft her fav'rite mistrel sang  
 In varied key;  
 Wi' Horace saft! wi' Homer strang,  
 Wi' Pindar hie!

In Doig's tower, whar late and air  
 Ilk bud o' genius blossom'd fair;

\* The grammar school, erected on the castle-hill of Stirling.

Nurs'd by the fostering hand o' care,

They sprang to view;

Burst into sweets, and far and near

The fragrance flew!

He's gane!—he's gane!—*Strevlina*, mourn!

Ah! drap the saut tear on his urn!

The light again will ne'er return

That cheer'd ye a' ;

The fire that bleiz'd nae mair will burn

In yonder ha' !

## G R A N D E U R:

A N O D E.

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens  
 Pinus; et celsæ graviore casu  
 Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos

Fulmina montes.      HOR.

How varied lies the chequer'd scene!—

DUNMAIT capt with snow;

While humbler smiles, in vernal green,

The sun-clad vale below :

Gay spring her cheering task performs,

Regardless of the wintry storms

That sweep proud Ochil's lofty side;

And, shelter'd from the whirling gale,

Secure, smooth glides the winding sail

Down Forth's meandering tide.

Alas! how like the chequer'd state

Of man's contrasted lot!

The storms that whirl round Grandeur's gate;

The peasant's shelter'd cot;

Disdainful pride, with wintry brow;

Rough labour, jocund at his plough,

Still cheer'd by health's unclouded beam;

While safe from luxury's whelming tide,

Peace, hope, and resignation glide

Down life's untroubled stream.

To meditation's musing mind  
Still moral pictures rise:  
Ambition, dash'd by fortune's wind,  
When tow'ring to the skies;  
Exalted beauty, doom'd to move  
In climes unwarm'd by genial love,  
Tost by the storms of sordid strife!—  
While nurtur'd in some vale obscure,  
The humbler fair one blooms secure  
The mistress and the wife!  
  
But late, in strength and beauty's prime,  
The tow'ring Plane arose;  
Proud, o'er Strevlina's height sublime  
It wav'd its mantling boughs!

What time mild evening gilds her star,  
The trav'ller spy'd it from afar,  
And, raptur'd, wonder'd where it grew;—  
Fond fancy plac'd its magic height  
Mid regions streak'd with golden light  
Through Heav'n's ethereal blue!—

Embosc'd in the bank below,  
That courts the southern breeze,  
The humbler Hawthorn's doom'd to blow  
Mid kindred shrubs and trees!  
Obscure, its balmy sweets diffuse,  
Unmark'd, save by the moral muse,  
That nightly breathes the rich perfume!—

Ah! what is Grandeur's splendid show!—

Ambition, mark!—the Plane laid low!\*

The Hawthorn left to bloom.

\* The cutting down of this beautiful tree (a circumstance that gave general dissatisfaction) occasioned the present ode.

TO

## MRS. PLEYDELL,

WITH A POT OF HONEY,

During the ferment occasioned by the Popish Bill of  
Toleration 1779.\*

REMOV'D, thank God! from fierce contentions;  
Unknown to parties or CONVENTIONS;  
Alike averse to rage and folly,  
And foe to gloomy melancholy;  
Amid confusion, war, and zeal,  
Accept these lines from bard Macneill.

\* This bill, so harmless, and indeed laudable in its principles, occasioned, through fanaticism and intolerance, the burning of the Popish chapel in Edinburgh, and the dreadful conflagration in London,

When morning comes, my breakfast down,  
Compos'd and wrapp'd in flannel gown,  
Till Andrew \* comes my brains to muddy,  
I dedicate some hours to study.—  
  
Behold me then, in elbow chair,  
Turn o'er a leaf with serious air;  
Or seiz'd with strong poetic fit,  
Compose some precious scrap of wit:—  
  
Fir'd by the muses melting strain,  
I rise—sit down—get up again;  
When 'midst my raptures, frisks, and capers,  
Bounce! in comes Christy† with—the papers.

With some regret I drop the quill.—  
Well!—what's the news?—the POPISH BILL.

\* The hair-dresser.

† The maid-servant.

Is Keppel tried?—a dull essay  
From fierce I. A.\* to sly John Hay; \*  
Has d'Estaing sail'd?—‘ To show the better  
What *papists* are, this day a letter,  
Just from the press, which well explains  
What hellish laws that sect maintains!’  
Where's Byron?—‘ Murders!—popish tricks;  
No faith!—no faith, with heretics!  
Asham'd;—provok'd in every page,  
I curse the papers in a rage;  
Start up and ring with all my might;  
—Here!—take this nonsense from my sight!

\* A nonjuring clergyman and a Roman priest. These two gentlemen kept up for some months a daily warfare in the public prints, which, together with advertisements of *protestant associations*, and pamphlets for and against popery, generally occupied nearly two-thirds of the newspapers.

Scarce have I banish'd raving faction  
Till in bolts J——y \* in distraction.  
‘ All—all is lost!—d'Estaing's gone forth!  
God curse that headstrong blockhead North!  
No scheme succeeds—we've no invention!—  
This nation's ruin'd past redemption!  
Our *fleets* are beat!—our *trade* is gone—  
We'll be invaded ten to one—  
Ecod! the French may come tomorrow—  
It won't cause universal sorrow.—  
They've many friends in this wise nation—  
The POPISH BILL OF TOLERATION.’—  
Stop, Doctor!—stop!—‘ Why should I stop, pray?’  
I'm really sick of bill of popery—

\* A mad politician.

' The deuce you are!—your reasons?—eh!'—

Some other time—some other day.

Thus, doubly teas'd 'twixt saint and sinner,

An invitation comes to dinner:

To dress I run—thank heaven, I cry,

Some pious hearts are often dry;

A cheerful glass may work a wonder;

May still, perhaps, this papal thunder.—

O ! grant us, Bacchus, wine that's strong!

Raise ! Orpheus, raise the blithesome song !

Let PLEYDELL come, serenely gay !

And social mirth shall crown the day.

Flush'd with fond hope, away I haste—

(Alas ! why must I tell the rest !)

In spite of dishes, nice and rare,  
In spite of wit—for you were there ;  
In spite of ale, punch, port, and sherry ;  
Though S—n sang, we ne'er were merry.  
Ask you the cause? 'twas *indigestion*  
From one curs'd sauce each dish was drest in ;  
For while we ate and drank our fill,  
Still in our stomachs stuck the—bill.

'Tis now, methinks, five weeks at least,  
Since first I sought some tranquil feast ;  
Where wholesome food and converse kind  
Might please the stomach, cheer the mind ;  
Make folks good-humour'd, frank, and civil,  
And banish popery to—the devil !

I sought, I say; nay, rack'd my brain,  
To find this feast, but all in vain;  
When t'other morn, in elbow chair,  
Unty'd my shoes, uncomb'd my hair,  
Two hours from bed, and breakfast o'er,  
Rap! went the knocker at the door.  
Upstarted Christy from the wheel—  
‘ Is this the house o’ Squire Macneill ?’  
Yes,—what is that?—‘ A can, my queen,  
Just come to Leith frae Aberdeen;  
The freight a shilling—carriage twa—  
The weight I’m sure is far frae sma’—  
I wonder what the sorrow’s in’t,  
It maun be *leed* or stane o’ flint!  
The deil be on’t! it’s hurt my heed,  
It’s surely fill’d wi’ stanes or leed!’

The chattering rogue receiv'd his money,  
The stones and lead turn'd out good—HONEY ;  
Pure, rich, and sparkling as you see ;  
The product of th' industrious bee :  
A balmy gift from shrub and flower !  
The fruits of many a toilsome hour.

Struck with the prospect of my treasure,  
I felt, methought, unusual pleasure :  
A sudden charm ; a joy refin'd  
Shed peace and comfort o'er the mind ;  
Each sound of POPERY died away,  
And thus I said—or meant to say—

In past'ral days, when wants were few,  
When love beat strong and friendship true,

Our fathers, nurtur'd in content,  
A calm unruffled life-time spent  
Mid herds and flocks (their only care),  
A feast like this was oft their fare.  
  
Here, by the streamlet's bubbling side,  
Unknown to controversial pride,  
The oaten pipe and rural lay  
Chas'd spleen and ranc'rous hate away.—  
  
Unskill'd in schoolmen's mystic dance,  
Untrain'd in dark INTOLERANCE,  
No zealous phrensy fir'd the breast;  
No fears fanatic broke their rest;  
By *nature* taught they still pursu'd  
What whispering conscience said was good;

Nor could their social minds approve  
Of aught that sever'd peace and love!

Harass'd with zeal, and frantic passion,  
And for the *times*—quite out of fashion;  
I can't help sighing for repose,  
Envying the life our fathers chose.  
At morn and eve whene'er I spy  
My *warning can* with placid eye,  
In midst of fierce religious splutter,  
I spread, with smiles, my bread and butter;  
Draw near my feast of sparkling brown,  
Lay thick the charm, then—gulp it down;  
Experience joys serenely still,  
Nor pass one thought on—**POPISH BILL.**

Take then, dear Pleydell! take this treasure,  
The source of soothing peace and pleasure;  
When dark and dismal qualms attack you,  
Or fears of popish priests distract you,  
Observe the rule I herewith give you,  
And take my word, it will relieve you.

When Sol through curtains pops his head  
And wakes sweet AGGY\* still in bed,  
Or Vesper mild through whispering groves  
Lures MARY\* to the haunts she loves;  
When cups are rang'd, and muffins hot,  
And green or congo in the pot;

\* Two young ladies who at the time resided with Mrs. Pleydell.

Instead of *popery's* dismal gloom,  
Pour out a dish of rich perfume :  
Dismiss your fears—be frank—be funny—  
Produce with smiles your—CAN OF HONEY.  
Glance o'er these lines ('twill be an honour  
Conferr'd upon the happy donor);  
Excuse whate'er you think is said ill;—  
In short, be—just blithe MRS. PLEYDELL.

MAY-DAY;  
OR,  
THE DISCOVERY.  
A PASTORAL.

IN THE MANNER OF CUNNINGHAM.

SEE! rob'd in new beauties, young May cheers the lawn!

Ye virgins! how charming her air!

Haste! cull her fresh flow'rets dew-dropping at dawn,

And chaplets entwine for your hair!

Yes! weave the gay garland! each moment improve!

Youth's pleasures like Spring fleet away!—

Life has its soft season—that season is LOVE.

—Ah! taste its fond joys while 'tis May.

But lately I winded yon mountain's green side ;—  
How bless'd! for MIRANDA was by;  
I mark'd as she welcom'd the Spring's opening pride  
The rapture that beam'd in her eye:  
Her fav'rite young lambkins ran bleating around,  
(Their fleeces were whiter than snow !)  
The cliffs crown'd with oakwood, return'd the soft sound,  
The still lake gleam'd placid below.  
  
‘ How happy ! ’ she cried, ‘ in some shelter'd retreat  
With lambkins and flocks bleating nigh;  
In my straw-cover'd cottage, though humble, yet neat  
I could live—and contented would die!  
This oak-waving mountain would ward winter's blast  
Yon lake teach complaint to be still;

Health, mirth, peace, and temperance, crown the repast,  
And freedom bound light o'er the hill !'

A glance that escap'd the dear maid at the time  
Half whisper'd a wish was untold;—  
And would my fair shepherdess deem it a crime  
If EDWIN were guard to the fold ?'  
I told my soft wishes,\* she sweetly replied,  
(Ye virgins ! her voice was divine !)  
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,  
But take me, fond shepherd !—I'm thine.'

Her look was so artless ! her accent so mild !  
Her candour so sweetly express'd !

\* Cunningham's Content.

I gaz'd on her beauties as blushing she smil'd,  
And clasp'd the lov'd maid to my breast!—  
The primrose in clusters breath'd fragrance around,  
And witness'd the vows that were given;—  
The lark, that sat listening, soar'd swift from the ground  
And warbled the contract in—heaven!

Yon cottage where woodbines so fondly entwine,  
We've chose for our humble retreat,  
Where TEATH's soften'd murmurs raise musings divine,  
'Tis there my love's lambkins shall bleat!  
There friendship shall lure modest worth to our door,  
And shelter from care's wintry blast;  
Content, deck'd in smiles, spread her pastoral store,  
And Miranda prepare the repast!—

Thus fix'd, what imports it, ye great ones and vain,  
Though splendour withholds her false gleam,  
Pleas'd with our little, and strangers to pain,  
Life glides placid by like yon stream?  
While *health*, heav'nly goddess! smiles buxom and gay,  
Shall we murmur that wealth comes not nigh?  
When thy charms, **INDEPENDENCE!** thus prompts the  
free lay,  
And the muse, lark-like, soars to the sky!

## PROLOGUE:

Written at the request of the Managers of the Public Kitchen  
at Edinburgh, for the Benefit of the Poor, 1800.

WHEN discord first, with hate infuriate, hurl'd  
Their baneful influence o'er a suffering world ;  
Broke the firm bands of kindred joys asunder,  
And left in want the wretch to weep, and—wonder;  
Thrill'd with despair,—unfriended, and oppress'd,  
With haggard eye, pale Poverty, distress'd,  
Roam'd the lone wild, a wretched life to save,  
And shivering sunk in Famine's darkening cave !—  
There, sad, she pin'd, and wail'd her hopeless moan,  
Earth her damp pillow ! and her bed—cold stone !  
Till CHARITY (from Heaven's fair lineage sprung,  
Nymph of the melting heart and soothing tongue)

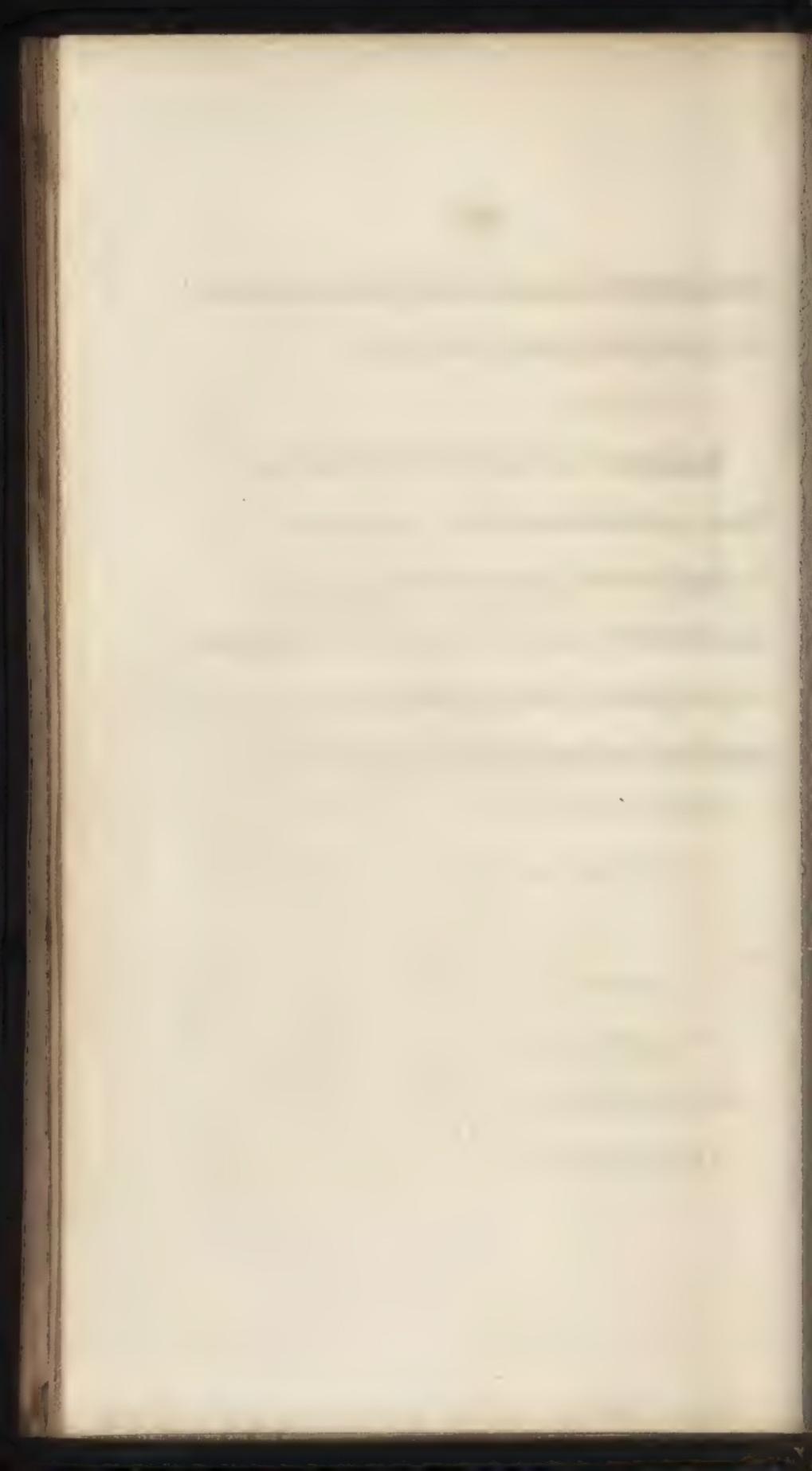
Swift from yon starry vault's ethereal blue,  
To want's dark cell with pitying ardour flew!

Cheer'd with celestial rays that chas'd the gloom,  
The fainting mourner wak'd—as from the tomb;  
Saw the sweet harbinger of joy again  
Steal on soft tip-toe to the bed of pain;  
O'er the cold breast her mantling vestments spread;  
Wipe the damp brow, and raise the drooping head;  
Pour the rich cordial, trickling to the heart;  
Brace the lax fibre, and new strength impart;  
Kindle fond hope; and beck'ning with a smile,  
Lure, while she flew to BRITAIN's fostering isle!  
To Britain's isle! where, cherish'd by her care,  
The poor, if virtuous, never know despair:

Warm'd by her beams, each bosom learns to glow,  
And throb, and feel—the sympathy of woe!  
From ocean's gen'rous sons (in fame enroll'd)  
To Scotia's mountains, and her patriots bold;—  
Alike her magic power o'er land and wave:  
—The flame of pity ever warms the brave!  
Oh! could its light but harmonize the breast,  
And guide again the jarring world to rest!  
Spread with mild radiance far from shore to shore,  
Till friendship binds, and discord's heard no more!  
Till candour starts at reason's temperate call,  
And mercy wafts humanity—to all!  
This night, where charity's celestial flame  
Gilds in mild lustre Scotia's annal'd fame;  
Beams in each conscious eye, and, heav'nly meek,  
Glows in soft blushes on each fair one's cheek;

This night! indeed, would mock the flowers of rhyme!  
And stamp an era for recording time!

Enough for us, who claim no higher care  
Than aid the wretched, and repel despair;  
To light the lamp in poverty's dark cell,  
And lend new strength to those who—struggle well;  
—Enough for us! expiring worth to save,  
And cheer the path of virtue to the grave!



THE

SCOTTISH MUSE.

JAMAICA, 1798.

## 1. *Introduction*

卷之三

### 1. *Phytolacca* L.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

UNDER the influence of a distressing state of health, which had continued unabated for six years, the following poem was composed in the island of Jamaica, whither the author went with the view of trying the effects of a tropical climate. If it possesses no other merit, it may at least lay claim to simplicity of sentiment and diction, and to a faithful representation of events during a life of vicissitude, of which the present piece may be considered as a poetical epitome. These, it is true, furnish little to excite astonishment or rouse imagination; and, consequently, perhaps, little to procure public approbation. They may, however, tend to illustrate an important truth to the afflicted, namely, that in the human mind there are resources which, if called into action, can amuse and solace in the hour of adversity when all the allurements of pleasure and all the luxuries of wealth will fail; for often

*Ingenium res adversæ nudare solent celare secundæ.*

THE  
JOURNAL.

1830. — VOLUME I. — PART II.

1831. — VOLUME II. — PART I.

1832. — VOLUME II. — PART II.

1833. — VOLUME III. — PART I.

1834. — VOLUME III. — PART II.

1835. — VOLUME IV. — PART I.

1836. — VOLUME IV. — PART II.

THE  
SCOTTISH MUSE.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night:  
Methought it did relieve my passion much;  
More than light airs, and recollect'd terms  
Of these more brisk and giddy paced times.—

SHAK\$PEARE.

O WELCOME simply soothing treasure!  
In midst o' pain my lanely pleasure!  
Tutor'd by thee, and whispering leisure,  
I quit the thrang,  
And, wrapt in bless'd retirement, measure  
Thy varied sang!

Kind, leil companion! without thee,  
 Ah welladay! what should I be!\*  
 Whan jeer'd by fools wha canna see  
 My inward pain,  
 Aneath thy sheltering wing I flee  
 And mak my mane.

There seated, smiling by my side,  
 For hours thegither wilt thou bide,  
 Chanting auld tales o' martial pride  
 And luve's sweet smart!  
 Till glowing warm thy numbers glide  
 Streight to the heart.

\* The author's complaints were such, that, unable either to read or to write above a few minutes without distress, his only amusement was to compose by the help of *memory* alone. It may, perhaps, be worth mentioning,

"Tis then wi' powerfu' plastic hand

Thou wav'st thy magic-working wand;

And stirring up ideas grand

That fire the brain,

Aff whirl'st me swith to fairy land

'Mang fancy's train.—

Scar'd by disease whan balmy rest

Flees trembling frae her downy nest;

Starting frae horror's dreams opprest,

I see thee come

Wi' radiance mild that cheers the breast

And lights the gloom!

that Will and Jean, the Waes o' War, the Links o' Forth,  
and the present poem, were all composed by memory,  
previously to the commitment of a single line to paper.

Heart'ning thou com'st, wi' modest grace,  
Hope, luve, and pity, in thy face,  
And gliding up wi' silent pace  
    My plaints to hear,  
Whisper'st in turn thae soothing lays  
    Saft in my ear.

' Ill-fated wand'rer! doom'd to mane!  
Wan sufferer! bleach'd wi' care and pain!  
How chang'd, alas! since vogie vain,  
    Wi' spirits light,  
Ye hail'd me first in untaught strain  
    On STREVLIN's height!

—Ah me! how stark! how blithe! how bauld  
Ye brattl'd then through wind and cauld !  
Reckless, by stream, by firth and fauld

Ye held your way;

By passion rul'd ; by luve entrall'd,

Ye pour'd the lay.

"Twas then, entranc'd in am'rous sang,  
I mark'd you midst the rural thrang ;  
Ardent and keen, the hail day lang

Wi' NATURE tane,

Slip frae the crowd and mix amang

Her simple train.

'Twas then I saw (alas! owre clear!)  
Your future thriftless, lost career!  
And while I blam'd, wi' boding fear,  
    The tunefu' art,  
Your moral pride and truth sincere  
    Aye wan my heart.

' He ne'er can lout,' I musing said,  
' To ply the fleeching, fawning trade;  
Nor bend the knee, nor bow the head  
    To *walth* or *power*!  
But backward turn wi' scornfu' speed  
    Frac flatt'ry's door.

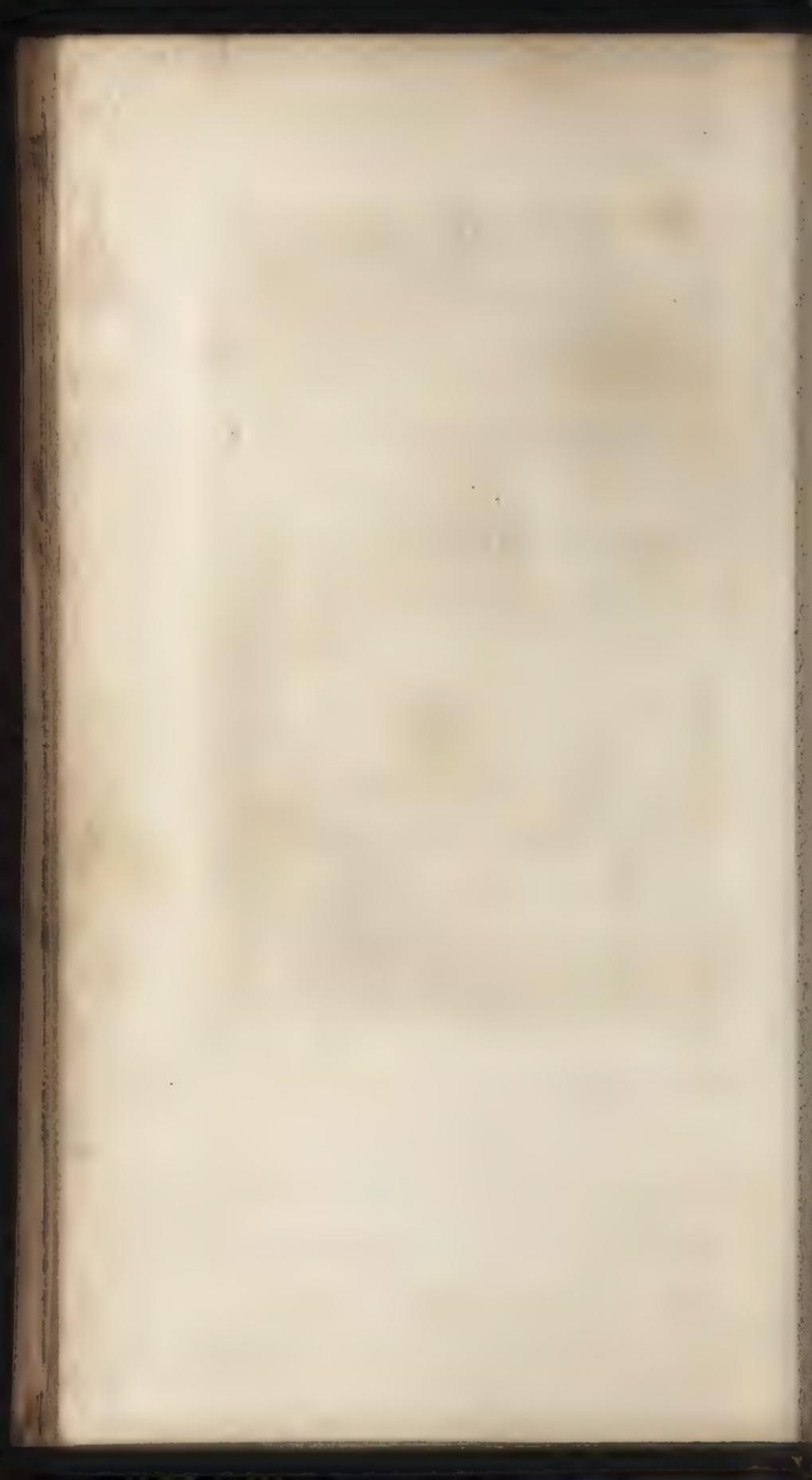


Stockard del.

Anker Smith sculp.

Bright flam'd the fragments as he spoke;  
One parting sigh his Harp he gave,  
The storm drench'd faggots blaze through smoke  
And snatch his Mora from the grave.

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees, 1 June 1801.



He'll never learn his bark to steer  
'Mid *passion's* sudden, wild career;  
Nor try at times to tack or veer  
    To *int'rest's* gale,  
But hoist the sheet, unaw'd by fear,  
    Tho' storms prevail.

Owre proud to ask;—owre bauld to yield!  
Whar will he find a shelt'ring beild?  
Whan poortith's blast drifts cross the field  
    Wi' wintry cauld,  
Whar will he wone—poor feckless chield!  
    Whan frail and auld?

Year after year in youtheid's prime,  
Wander he will, frae clime to clime,  
Sanguine wi' hope on wing subline  
                Mount heigh in air!  
  
But than—waes me! there comes a time  
                O' dool and care!

There comes a time!—or soon, or late,  
O' serious thought and sad debate;  
Whan blighted hope and adverse fate  
                Owrespread their gloom,  
And mirk despair, in waefu' state,  
                Forsees the doom!

—And maun he fa'! (I sighing cried)

Wi' guardian honour by his side!

Shall fortune frown on guiltless pride

And straits owrtake him!

—Weel! blame wha like—whate'er betide

*I se ne'er forsake him!*

Ardent I spake! and frae the day

Ye hail'd me smiling; youthfu' gay

On *Aichil's* whin-flower'd fragrant brae,

I strave to cheer ye!

Frae morn's first dawn to e'en's last ray

I ay was near ye.

Frae west to east\*—frae isle to isle,  
 To India's shore and sultry soil;  
 'Mid tumult, battle, care, and toil,  
     I following flew;  
 Ay smooth'd the past, and wak'd the smile  
     To prospects new.

Whan warfare ceas'd its wild uproar  
 To Elephanta's † far-fam'd shore  
 I led ye ardent to explore  
     Wi' panting heart,  
 Her idol monuments o' yore  
     And sculptur'd art.

\* West and East Indies.

† See the author's account of the caves of *Elephanta*,  
*Canary*, and *Ambola*, published in the eighth volume of  
 the *Archæologia*.

Sweet flew the hours ! (the toil your boast)

On smiling Salsett's cave-wrought coast!—

Though hope was tint—tho' a' was cross'd \*

Nae dread alarms

Ye felt—fond fool ! in wonder lost

And nature's charms!

Frae east to west, frae main to main,

To Carib's shores return'd again ;

In sickness, trial, hardship, pain,

Ye ken yoursell,

Draft frae the muse's melting strain

Peace balmy fell.

\* By an unforeseen change in administration, the author lost a lucrative appointment in India, which in a short time would have yielded an ample fortune.

Fell sweet! for as she warbling flew  
Hope lent her heav'n's refreshing dew;  
Fair virtue close, and closer drew  
    To join the lay;  
While conscience bright, and brighter grew,  
    And cheer'd the way!—

Whether to east or westward borne,  
(Or flush'd wi' joy, or wae-forlorn)  
Ye hail'd the fragrant breath o' morn  
    Frae orange flower,  
Or cassia-bud, or logwood thorn,  
    Or Guava bower:

Or frae the mist-cap'd mountain blue  
 Inhal'd the spicy gales that flew  
 Rich frae Pimento's<sup>a</sup> groves that grew  
 In deep'ning green  
 Crown'd wi' their flowers o' milk-white hue  
 In dazzling sheen!

Whether at midnoon\* panting laid,  
 Ye woo'd coy zephyr's transient aid  
 Under the Banyan's pillar'd shade,<sup>b</sup>  
 On plain or hill,  
 Or Plantain green, that rustling play'd  
 Across the rill:

\* ..... seems another morn  
 Ris'n on midnoon.      MILTON.

Or 'neath the tam'rind's shelt'ring gloom,  
Drank coolness wafted in perfume,  
Fresh frae the shaddack's golden bloom,  
As flutt'ring gay  
Humm'd saft the bird o' peerless plume,<sup>c</sup>  
Frae spray to spray!

—Whether at eve, wi' raptur'd breast  
The shelving palm-girt beach ye prest,  
And e'ed, entranc'd, the purpling west  
Bepictur'd o'er,<sup>d</sup>  
As ocean murmur'ring, gently kiss'd  
The whitening shore:

Whether at twilight's parting day  
 Ye held your solemn musing way,  
 Whar through the gloom in myriad ray  
     The fire-flies gleam; <sup>e</sup>  
 And 'thwart the grove in harmless play  
     The light'nings stream!

Or, by the moon's bright radiance led,  
 Roam'd late the Guinea-verdur'd glade\*  
 Where tower'd the giant Ceiba's shade;<sup>f</sup>  
     And, loftier still,  
 The Cabbage † rears its regal head  
     Owre palm-crown'd hill.

\* Guinea grass pasture; See Edwards's hist. 8vo,  
 vol. i. p. 186.

† The palmeto royal, or mountain cabbage, from 150

Still following close, still whisp'ring near  
 The muse aye caught your list'ning ear;  
 'Mid tempest's rage and thunder's rair

Aye cheering sang:—

Touch'd by her hand (unchill'd by fear)

The Harp strings rang \*

Return'd at last frae varied clime,  
 Whar youth and hope lang tint their time,  
 Ance mair to Strevlin's height sublime

We wing'd our way ;

Ance mair attun'd the rural rhyme

On Aichil brae.

to 200 feet in height; a tree, says Mr. Edwards, which, without doubt, is among the most graceful of all the vegetable creation.

\* The second part of 'The Harp' was composed during the author's first passage home from Jamaica.

'Twas then my native strains ye lear'd,\*  
 For passion spake while fancy cheer'd;  
 A while wi' flaunting airs ye flar'd  
     And thought to shine;  
 But Nature—judging nature sneer'd  
     And ca'd it—*fine!*

Stung wi' the taunt, ye back recoil'd,  
 Pensive ye mus'd; I mark'd and smil'd;  
 Daund'ring depress'd mang knows flower'd wild,  
     My aten reed  
 Ye faund ae bonny morning mild  
     'Tween Ayr and Tweed.

\* The author's first attempts in Scottish poetry were the composing of simple words to some of our most simple pastoral and gaelic airs. The success induced him afterwards to attempt in the same dialect subjects of more importance.

'Tween past'ral Tweed and wand'ring Ayr,  
 Whar unbusk'd nature blooms sae fair!  
 And mony a wild note saft and clear

Sings sweet by turns,

Tun'd by my winsome Allan's \* ear  
 And fav'rite Burns.

Trembling wi' joy ye touch'd the reed,—  
 Doubtfu' ye sigh'd and hang your head;  
 Fearfu' ye sang till some agreed

The notes war true;

Whan grown mair bauld, ye gae a screed  
 That pleas'd nae few. †

\* Allan Ramsay.

† Alluding to the uncommon sale of '*Will and Jean*', which, in less than seven weeks after publication, went through five editions of 1500 copies each. Fourteen edi-

By Forth's green links bedeck'd wi' flowers,\*  
 By Clyde's clear stream and beechen bowers;†  
 Heartsome and healthfu' flew the hours  
     In simple sang,  
 While Lossit's ‡ braes and Eden's ‡ towers  
     The notes prolang!

—Thae times are gane!—ah! welladay!  
 For health has flown wi' spirits gay;  
 Youth too has fled! and cauld decay  
     Comes creeping on:

tions were thrown off before the expiration of a twelve-month.

\* Stirling.                          † Glasgow.

‡ *Lossit* in Cantyre, Argyleshire, where some of the songs, from their resemblance to the Gaelic, were particularly relished. They were afterwards set to music and published in Edinburgh.

October's sun cheers na like May  
That brightly shone!

Yet autumn's gloom, though threat'ning bleak,  
Has joys, gin folk calm joys wad seek;  
Friendship and worth then social cleek  
And twine thegither.  
And gree and crack by ingle cheek  
Just like twin-brither.

'Tis then (youth's vain vagaries past,  
That please a while, but fash at last)  
Serious, our ee we backward cast  
On bygane frays,  
And, marvelling, mourn the thriftless waste  
O' former days!

'Then too, wi' prudence on our side,

And reas'ning virtue for our guide,

Calmly we view the restless tide

O' warldly care,

And cull, wi' academic pride,

The flow'rs o' lare.

And while, wi' sure and steady pace,

Coy science' secret paths we trace,

And catch fair nature's beauteous face

In varied view,

Ardent, though auld, we join the chace,

And pleas'd pursue.—

'Tis sae through life's short circling year,  
The seasons change, and, charging, cheer;  
Journeying we jog, unaw'd by fear:

Hope plays her part!

Forward we look, though in the rear  
                                Death shakes the dart.

Catch then the dream! nor count it vain,  
Hope's dream's the sweetest balm o' pain:  
Heav'n's unseen joys may yet remain,

And yet draw near ye:

Meanwhile, ye see, I hear your mane,  
                                And flee to cheer ye.

Ane too's at hand, to wham ye fled  
 Frae Britain's cauld, frae misery's bed;  
 Owre seas tempestuous shivering sped

 To Friendship's flame;

Whar kindling warm, in sunbeams clad,  
 She hailsh her Graham.\*

Wi' him (let health but favouring smile)  
 Ance mair ye'll greet fair Albion's isle!  
 In some calm nook life's cares beguile

Atween us twa:

Feed the faint lamp wi' virtue's oil—  
 Then—slip awa!'

\* John Graham, Esq. of Three Mile River, Jamaica; under whose kind and hospitable roof the present poem was composed.

The flatterer ceas'd, and smil'd adieu,  
Just wav'd her hand, and mild withdrew!  
Cheer'd wi' the picture (fause or true)  
I check'd despair,  
And frae that moment made a vow  
To—mourn nae mair.

## NOTE S.

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NOTE <sup>a</sup>, p. 139, l. 3.

‘ Fresh from pimento’s groves that grew.’

‘ THE pimento trees grow spontaneously, and in great abundance, in many parts of Jamaica, but more particularly on hilly situations near the sea, on the northern side of the island, where they form the most delicious groves that can possibly be imagined, filling the air with fragrance, and giving reality, though in a very distant part of the globe, to our great poet’s descriptions of those balmy gales which convey to the delighted voyager

“ Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the bless’d.  
Cheer’d with the grateful smell, old ocean smiles ”

I do not believe that there is, in all the vegetable creation, a tree of greater beauty than a young pimento. The trunk, which is of a grey colour,

smooth and shining, and altogether free of bark, rises to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. It then branches out on all sides, richly clothed with leaves of a deep green, somewhat like those of the bay tree; and these, in the months of July and August, are beautifully contrasted and relieved by an exuberance of white flowers. It is remarkable, that the leaves are equally fragrant with the fruit; and, I am told, yield in distillation a delicate odiferous oil, which is very commonly used in the medical dispensaries of Europe for oil of cloves.' *Edwards's Hist. of the West Indies*, 8vo, vol. ii. p. 297.

NOTE <sup>b</sup>, p. 139, l. 9.

' Under the banyan's pillar'd shade.'

' This monarch of the woods,' says Mr. Edwards, in his elegant history, ' whose empire extends over Asia and Africa, as well as the tropical parts of America, is described by our divine poet with great exactness.

“ The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown’d,  
 But such as at this day to Indians known  
 In Malabar and Decan, spreads his arms,  
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bearded twigs take root, and daughters grow  
 Above the mother tree; a pillar’d shade  
 High over-arch’d, and echoing walks between.”

*Paradise Lost*, book ix.

It is called in the East Indies, the ‘ banyan tree.’ Mr. Marsden gives the following account of the dimensions of one near Mangee, twenty miles west of Patna in Bengal. Diameter, 363 to 375 feet; circumference of the shadow at noon, 1116 feet; circumference of the several stems, in number fifty or sixty, 921. *Hist. Sumatra*, p. 131.

NOTE c, p. 140, l. 5.

‘ Humm’d soft the bird o’ peerless plume.’

‘ The humming bird, the most beautiful as well as the most diminutive of the feathered race, is fond of building its nest in the tamarind, orange, or bastard cedar-trees; on account, I should suppose, of the superabundance of their shade. The

nest is made with particular art and beauty. The workmanship, indeed, is no less exquisite than wonderful, and seems to be, in an essential manner, adapted as the residence of this interesting and lovely bird.' *Beckford's Descriptive Account of the Island of Jamaica.*—For a more particular description, see vol. i. p. 363, 8vo edition, of the same work.

NOTE <sup>d</sup>, p. 140, l. 10.

‘ Bepictur'd o'er.’

The following very animated, though inflated description of a tropical sky at sunset, is taken from the same author:—‘ Of the picturesque representation of the clouds in Jamaica, there is an almost daily and unspeakable variety; and the sunset of that climate has charms to arrest the regard, and fix the attention, of every beholder. At this period, when the sun-beams linger on the mountains, and seem reluctantly to withdraw their glories from the plain; when they just begin to die away in the horizon, or glitter by re-

flection upon the trembling wave;—what delightful appearances, or glowing with lustre, or softened by shade, may not be imagined or lamented in the evanescent clouds of that warm and vapoury region! What imaginary islands, with all the discriminations of hill and dale, of light and gloom, of bays and promontories, of rocks and woods, of rivers and seas, may not be traced in the transcendently beautiful skies of that fervent climate, and treasured up for future embellishments, by those who study nature, and who delight to copy her charms, not only in her elevation, but decline!' Vol. i. p. 80.

NOTE e, p. 141. l. 4.

‘ The fire-flies gleam.’

In the mountainous and interior parts of the larger islands, innumerable fire-flies abound at night, which have a surprising appearance to a stranger. They consist of different species, some of which emit a light, resembling a spark of fire, from a globular prominence near each eye; and

others from their sides, in the act of respiration. They are far more luminous than the glow-worm, and fill the air on all sides, like so many living stars, to the great astonishment of a traveller unaccustomed to the country. In the day-time they disappear. *Edwards's Hist.* vol. i. p. 8.

NOTE<sup>f</sup>, p. 141, l. 9.

‘Where tower'd the giant Ceiba's shade.’

‘What European forest has ever given birth to a stem equal to that of the ceiba (or wild cotton-tree), which alone, simply rendered concave, has been known to produce a boat capable of containing one hundred persons?’ *Edwards's Hist.* vol. i. p. 15.

## EPITAPH.

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SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

JAMES GRAHAM, ESQ.

LATE OF THE PARISH OF WESTMORELAND,  
JAMAICA.

IN TESTIMONY OF AFFECTION,  
AND AS A TRIBUTE TO THE VIRTUES OF  
THE BEST OF MEN, AND THE KINDEST OF BROTHERS,

THIS MAUSOLEUM

IS ERECTED BY

JOHN GRAHAM,

OF THREE MILE RIVER, JAMAICA.

ANNO 1798.

ACCEPT, lov'd shade! of him whose breathless clay  
No sigh returns to aught that grief can say;  
Accept, lov'd shade! this monument of woe:  
The last sad gift thy friend can now bestow!—  
For him, alas! 'tis left to raise the tomb;  
Steal from the crowd and court sepulchral gloom;

Clasp to his heart thy cold untimely urn,\*  
And weep thy virtues—never to return !  
Nor can the muse (that muse thou lov'dst to hear)  
Repress the sigh, or check the starting tear ;  
From Britain's shore;—across the Atlantic wave,  
She comes, to vent her sorrows at thy grave ;  
With trembling hand inscribe thy funeral stone,  
And with a brother's woes record her own.

\* This amiable, honourable, and accomplished man, was unfortunately killed in the mistaken defence of a character which no calumny could have injured; and by a ruffian whose slander no man of worth ought to have regarded.

# A GLOSSARY;

OR,

Explanation of the Scottish words and phraseology  
used in the foregoing Poems.

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## A

A, *all*.

Ae, *ane, one*.

Aik, *oak*.

Air, or ear, *early, soon*.

Ain, *own*.

Alane, *alone*.

Ance, *once, at a time*.

Amang, *among*.

Atween, *between*.

Awa, *away*.

Aye, or ay, *always*.

Ayont, *beyond*.

## B

Backowre, *backwards*.

Bachils, *shoes down in the heel*.

Bairn, bairns, *child, children*.

Ban, *to curse or swear*.

Bang, *suddenly, violently, in haste*.

Barefit, *barefooted*.

- Bauld, *bold, passionate.*
- Beek, *to bask.*
- Bield, *shelter.*
- Billie, *a young fellow, a brother.*
- Bent, *the open field, coarse grass.*
- Beltan, *the third of May, or Rood-day.*
- Bide, *stay, stop, remain.*
- Been, or bein, *wealthy, comfortable....a been house, a warm well-furnished one.*
- Birks, birken, *birch trees, birchen.*
- Blawin, *blowing, puffing.*
- Bleezing, *blazing.*
- Blinking, *the winking half open state of the eye produced by inebriation, intermittent light, twinkling.*
- Bonny, bonie, *beautiful, comely, engaging.*
- Brae, *the side of a hill, a steep bank.*
- Brattle, *noise, hurry.*
- Brattling, *hurrying, running.*
- Braw, *fine in apparel, brave, excellent.*
- Braws, *finery.*
- Brandered, *broiled.*
- Brander, *a gridiron.*
- Breckan, *fern.*
- Breeks, *breeches.*
- Brither, *brothers, or brethren.*
- Brue, or broo, *juice, broth, liquid.*
- Brunt, *burned.*
- Buckled, *joined together in wedlock.*

To buckle, *to engage with.*  
 Burn, *water, a small stream.*  
 Burnie, *a rivulet.*  
 Busk, *to deck, to dress finely.*  
 Bygane, *by-gone, past.*

## C

Callan, *a boy, a familiar term of kindness.*  
 Caller, *quite fresh.*  
 Camstarie, *cross, ill-natured.*  
 Canna, *cannot.*  
 Canty, *cheerful, merry.*  
 Carena, *care not.*  
 Cauld, *cold.*  
 Chapin, *an ale measure, somewhat less than an English quart.*  
 Chiel, or chield, *a fellow, used frequently with respect and commendation, such as a fine chiel, an excellent chiel, a dainty chiel.*  
 Claise, *clothes, wearing apparel.*  
 Clatter, *conversation, idle tattle.*  
 Clavers, *foolish stories . . . to claver, to talk nonsensically.*  
 Claver, *clover.*  
 Cleading, *clothing, covering.*  
 Cleek, *to catch as with a hook.*  
 Coft, *bought.*  
 Cozie, or cosy, *warm, snug, comfortable.*  
 Cowrin, *cowering, shivering.*  
 Crack, *to converse.*

**Crackie,** *talkative, conversible.*

**Craig,** *a rock, the neck or throat.*

**Crap,** *did creep.*

**Crook,** *a hook suspended over the fire to hang boiling utensils on.*

**Croon,** *a tune....to croon, to hum a song or tune over.*

**Cuppled,** *coupled, joined together, wedded.*

## D

**Daddie,** *father.*

**Dайдle,** *to triflē, to be slow or dilatory in execution.*

**Dainty,** *fine, excellent, charming.*

**Dander,** *to wander to and fro, to saunter without premeditation.*

**Daised,** *stupified with drink.*

**Daivered,** *confused, muddled.*

**Dinna,** *do not.*

**Dizzen,** *a dozen.*

**Dauted,** *caressed, much made of.*

**Doited,** *imbecil, stupid, superannuated.*

**Dool,** *grief, sorrow.*

**Dowff,** *sluggish, dull, inactive.*

**Dowie,** *melancholy, sad, sorrowful.*

**Dree,** *to suffer, to indure.*

**Dreerie,** *frightful, wearisome.*

**Drowthie,** *thirsty.*

**Druken,** *drunken.*

Dunted, struck, knocked.

Duds, rags.

## E

Ear, or air, early.

Ee, eye....een, eyes.

E'ening, evening.

Eerie, frightful, fearfully, lonely, dreading spirits.

## F

Fa', fa'ing, fall, falling.

Faes, foes.

Fain, happy, glad.

Fand, found.

Fardin, farthing.

Fash, to vex, or trouble.

Fauld, fold, sheep-fold.

Faut, fault.

Fause, false.

Fearfu', fearful, frightful.

Feckless, feeble, silly, weak.

Fell, keen, biting, horrid.

Fell'd, killed, murdered, knocked down.

Fidging, fidgetting.... fidgingfain, happy even to agitation.

Fireflaught, flash of lightning.

Firth, pasturage ground.

Fleetch, to coax, to flatter.

Flyte, to scold, to chide.

Flet, did scold.

Flinners, or flenders, splinters.

*Flunkie, a servant in livery.*

*Forgee, forgive.*

*Fou, drunk.*

*Frae, from.*

*Fu' full.*

*Fyke, to be restless, to make unnecessary lustle about trifles.*

## G

*Gae, to go; ga'en, has gone.*

*Gade, went.*

*Gane, gone.*

*Gang, go.*

*Gate, road, way, manner . . . . greygate, a worthless, wicked course of life.*

*Gaun, going.*

*Gawky, an idiotical, idle staring person.*

*Gear, riches, wealth, goods of any kind.*

*Gie or gee, to give . . . . gae, or gi'ed, gave . . . . gi'en, given.*

*Gif, or gin, if.*

*Girning, grinning, to twist the features, snarling.*

*Glaiket, giddy, wanton, idle.*

*Glaive, a sword.*

*Glinting, gleaming, peeping, transiently shining; pret. glent.*

*Gloaming, the twilight, or evening gloom.*

*Gleed, or glyt, squint-eyed, blind of one eye.*

*Glen, a narrow valley between mountains, or steep banks.*

Gloom, *to frown, to scowl.*

Gowans, *daisies, dandelion, &c.*

Gowany, *flowered, daisied.*

Gowd, *gold.*

Gowden, *golden.*

Grane, *to groan, to grunt.*

Gree, *to agree, concord, prize.... to bear the gree, to be decidedly the victor or superior.*

Greet, *to weep, to shed tears.... greeting, weeping.... grat, wept.*

Gude, or guid, *good.*

Gudeman, *husband, master of a family.*

Gutcher, *grandfather.*

## H

Ha', *hall.*

Haddies, *haddock.*

Hae, *to have.*

Haffit, *the temple, the cheek, the side of the head.*

Haflins, *partly, nearly half.*

Hash, *a careless slovenly person.*

Hairst, *harvest.*

Haiverel, *a foolish idle babbler.*

Haivers, *nonsense, idle talk.*

Hale, all, *the whole, healthy.*

Hame, *home.*

Hamespun, *spun, or made at home.*

Handfu', *a word signifying difficulties in life, struggling with the world.*

- Hap, *happen, occur.*  
 Harns, *brains.*  
 Harkened, *listened to.*  
 Haughs, *low lying rich lands, valleys.*  
 Heartsome, *blithe, happy.*  
 Hech! *Oh! strange, heigho!*  
 He'd, *he would.*  
 Hempie, *a mad tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.*  
 Hether, *heath.*  
 Hie, *high, lofty.*  
 Himsel, *himself. . . . hersel, herself.*  
 Hinny, *honey, an epithet of endearment.*  
 Hirple, *to move slowly and lamely.*  
 Hooly, *slowly, leisurely, cautiously.*  
 Horning, *the name of a Scotch law paper.*  
 How, *a hollow or dell.*  
 Howlet, *the owl.*  
 Howm, or holm, *plains, or nooks on river sides.*  
 Howt! tut! poh! fy!  
 Hummin, hummin liquor, *liquor, brisk, frothy, making a humming noise.*  
 Huntin, *hunting.*

## I

- Ilk, *each.*  
 Ilka, *every.*  
 Ingle, *fire.*  
 Ingle-cheek, *fire-side.*  
 I'se, *I shall, as I'll for I will.*

## K

Kaimed, *combed.*

Kepp, *to catch a thing that moves towards one.... kept, caught.*

Keek, *to peep.*

Ken, *to know.*

Kilted, *the clothes tucked up.*

Kin, *kindred.*

Kipper, *salmon corned and dried.*

Knows, *knolls, hillocks, or swells.*

Kye, *kine, cows.*

## L

Laddie, *a boy, a youth, dim. of lad.*

Laigh, *low.*

Laith, *loth.*

Lamie, *dim. of lamb.*

Lane, *alone.*

Lanely, *lonely.*

Lang, *long.*

Langsyne, *long ago.*

Lap, *did leap.*

Links, *windings of a river, a large open plain or valley.*

Linkin, or linkan, *tripping along, walking briskly.*

Lint, *flax.*

Lintwhite, *flaxen, fair, long and flowing, a linnet.*

Lintie, *dim. of linnet.*

Loo, or loe, *to love.... loo'd, loved.*

Loun, *rogue, villain.*

**Loupin,** *leaping, jumping.*

**Lout,** *to bend, to bow down making courtesy, to stoop.*

**Lown,** *calm, sheltered.*

**Lugs,** *ears . . . deeply laid their lugs, a phrase denoting deep, or long drinking.*

**Luve,** *love.*

### M

**Mair,** *more.*

**Mak,** *make.*

**Maist,** *most, almost.*

**Manfu'**, *manly, bold, dauntless.*

**Mauchless,** *sluggish, listless, dull.*

**Maun,** *must.*

**Mawin,** *mowing.*

**Marrow,** *mate, fellow, equal.*

**Maivis,** *the thrush.*

**Mealing,** *a farm.*

**Meikle,** *or muckle, much, big, large, a great deal.*

**Minny,** *mother.*

**Mirk,** *dark . . . mirky, darkening.*

**Mither,** *mother.*

**Mony,** *many.*

**Mou,** *mouth.*

**Mouthie,** *dim. of mouth.*

### N

**Na,** *no, not.*

**Nae,** *no, not one.*

**Naithing,** *nothing.*

Nane, *none*.

Neebor, neeboring, *neighbour, neighbouring*.

News, *newspapers*.

Niest, *next*.

Nick, auld Nick, *the devil*.

### O

O', *of*.

Ony, *any*.

Owk, owkly, *week, weekly*.

Owre, *over, too, too much*.

Outowre, *quite over*.

### P

Painches, *tripe*.

Pawkie, *sly in look, word, or action, witty, cunning without harm or design*.

Pick, *pitch.... pick mirk, pitch dark*.

Pith, *strength, might, force*.

Plack, *an old Scotch coin, in value the third of a penny Scotch, twelve of which make a penny English*,

Plewin, *plowing*.

Ploys, *rural amusement, or merry makings*.

Poortith, *poverty*.

Poutch, *pocket*.

Pou, or pu, *pull*.

Pried, *tasted*.

Puir, *poor*.

Pund, *pound, pounds*.

*Quean, a country wench, a hussy.*

## R

Raise, arose.

Rashes, rushes.

Rave, tore asunder.

Reaming, frothing, creaming.

Reekit, smoked.

Reckless, or rackless, heedless, regardless.

Rin, run, to run.

Rizzard, fish slightly salted and hung up for a day or two.

Rocklay, a long cloak or mantle.

Roddickins, part of the intestines of a sheep.

Roose; to praise, to commend.

Rowpit, exposed to public sale, or auction.

Rowed, rolled, wrapped.

Rue, to repent.

Rug, to tear, to pull violently.

## S

Sae, so.

Sair, sore, hard.

Saft, soft.

Sark, shirt or smock.

Saugh, a willow, or sallow tree.

Saul, soul.

Saut, salt.

Sax, six.

Scaith, or skaith, *harm, hurt, damage, oss.*

Sconner, or skunner, *to loath, to turn the stomach.*

Sel, *self.*

Shaw, shawing, *to shew, shewing....shaw, likewise  
signifies a wood or forest.*

Sic, *such.*

Siller, *silver, money, wealth.*

Simmer, *summer.*

Sin, *since.*

Sinfu' *sinful.*

Sinsyne, *since then, since that time.*

Skelpin, *to run, to walk briskly.*

Skelp, *to strike, to slap, to flog the buttocks.*

Slae, *sloe.*

Slaw, *slow.*

Slee, *sly.*

Slocken, *to quench thirst.*

Sma', *small.*

Snaw, *snow.*

Snod, *neat, tight, tidy.*

Snood, *the band for tying up women's hair.*

Sonsie, *plump, jolly, comely, fortunate.*

Sodger, *soldier.*

Sough, *the sound of wind among trees, any distant mur-  
muring sound.*

Southlan, *southern.*

Speer, *to ask, to inquire.*

- Span, *spun.*  
 Stalwart, *strong and valiant.*  
 Stane, *a stone.*  
 Stot, *to walk with a short irregular step, to rebound.... a stot, a bullock.*  
 Stark, *strong, stout.*  
 Staw, or sta', *did steal, to surfeit.*  
 Stedding, *the houses belonging to a farm.*  
 Steeve, *stiff, strong.*  
 Straeberry, strawberry.... strae, straw  
 Strack, *struck.*  
 Strave, *strove.*  
 Streeked, *stretched.*  
 Sweer, *loth, lazy, unwilling.*  
 Swith, *swift, quickly.*  
 Swither, *to hesitate in choice, irresolute determination.*  
 Syne, *then.*  
 Synd, *to wash down, to rinse.*

## T

- Tak, *to take.*  
 Tane, *taken.*  
 Tane on, *enlisted.*  
 Tap, *top.*  
 Tartan, *cross striped stuff of various colours, the Highland plaid.*  
 Tent, *care, caution.... to tak tent, to tak heed.*  
 Thack, *theeked, thatch, thatched.*

*Thae, those.*

*Thegither, together.*

*Thir, these.*

*Thole, to bear, to indure.*

*Thowless, inactive, spiritless, dozened, silly.*

*Thraward, cross, stubborn, foward.*

*Thrang, throng, a crowd.*

*Thretty, thirty.*

*Thud, a loud intermittent noise, a blast, a stroke.*

*Tid, tide, or time, proper or fit time; a term used in agriculture.*

*Tine, to lose.*

*Tint, lost.*

*Tither, the other.*

*Tocher, marriage portion.*

*Trig, neat, tidy, spruce.*

*Trou, or true, to credit, or believe.*

*Tryst, appointment.*

*Twa, two.*

*'Twad, it would.*

### U and V.

*Unco, strange, uncouth, extraordinary.*

*Upshot, end, conclusion.*

*Vogie, vain, proud of.*

### W

*Wa', wa's, wall, walls.*

Wad, *would*; *a pledge, a pawn.*

Wadna, *would not.*

Wae, *woe.... waefu', sorrowful, mournful.*

Waes me! *alas! O! the pity!*

Wair, *to lay out, to expend.*

Walth, *wealth, plenty.*

Wame, *the belly, the womb.*

Ware, or war, *were.*

Wark, *work.*

Warld, *world.... warldly, worldly, near.*

Warstled, *wrestled, struggled.*

Wat, *to wit.... I wat, I wot, I know.... wat ye? do you know?*

Wawkened, *awaked.*

Wean, or wee ane, *a child.*

Wed, *weeded or did weed.*

Wee, *small, or little.*

Weel, *well.... weelfared, well favoured, comely, handsome.*

Ween, *supposed, thought, imagined.*

Weit, or weet, *rain, wet.*

Weir, *war.*

Wha, *who.... wham, whom.*

Whar, or whare, *where.*

Whase, *whose.*

Whilk, *which.*

Whimpering, *wimpling, gurgling, whining.*

**Whins,** *furze.*

**Whyles,** *sometimes.*

**Wi'**, *with.*

**Winna,** *will not.*

**Window-broads,** *outer window-shutters.*

**Winsome,** *comely, desirable, agreeable.*

**Woo,** *to court, to make love to.*

**Wow!** *an exclamation.*

**Wrang,** *wrong.*

**Wreaths of snaw,** *heaps of snow blown together by the wind.*

**Wyte,** *to blame, fault, or blame.*

## Y

**Ye,** *frequently used for you.*

**Yestreen,** *last night, or yesternight.*

**Yont,** *beyond, farther on.*

**Yoursel,** *yourself.*

**Yowe,** *an. ewe.*

**Ye'se,** *ye will, or shall.*

**Youtheid,** *youth.*

**THE END.**

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